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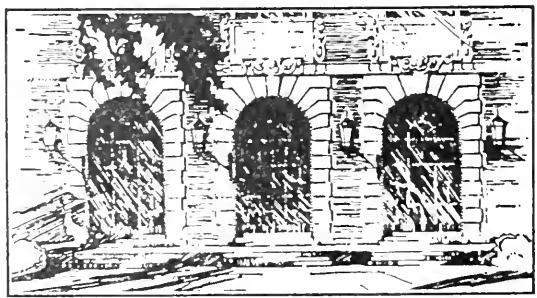
Old Settlers' Union
of Princeville
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RECORDS OF

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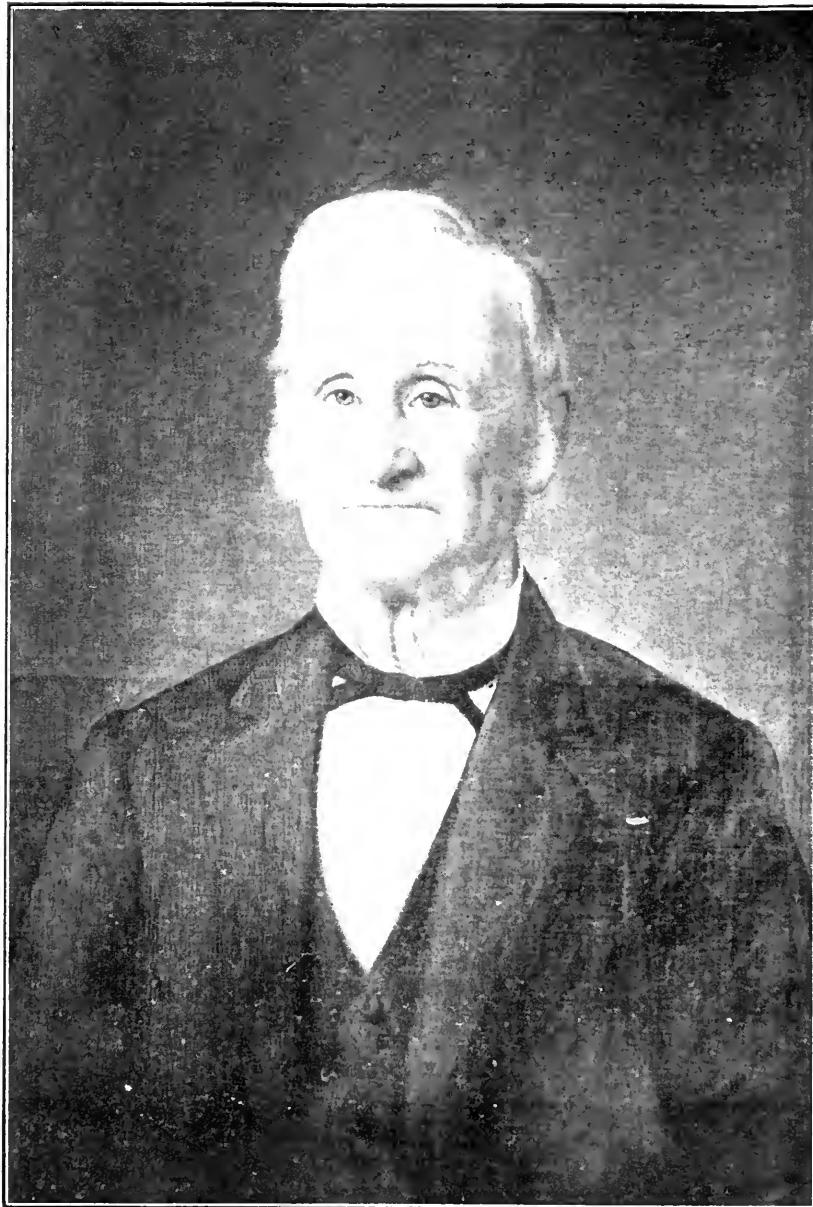
VOLUME I

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Wm. C. Stevens

The Founder of Princeville
1797-1887

HISTORY AND REMINISCENCES

FROM THE RECORDS OF
**OLD SETTLERS' UNION
OF PRINCEVILLE
AND VICINITY**

Material comprised in
Reports of Committees on History and Reminiscences
for years 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910

Published under the auspices of
Old Settlers' Union of Princeville and Vicinity
August, 1912

S. S. SLANE
PETER AUTEN
Publishing Committee

THE OLD SETTLERS' UNION OF PRINCEVILLE AND VICINITY.

Organized August 22, 1906, and first picnic held September 19, of same year, in "Log Cabin Grove" of Charles F. Cutter, who had been prime mover in the organization.

Object, "To perpetuate the memories of pioneer days, foster a reverence for our forefathers, and encourage the spirit of fellowship and hospitality."

Annual picnic and reunion last Thursday in August, unless changed by Executive Committee.

Eligible to membership: Any person 21 years of age, having resided within the State of Illinois one year; dues, \$1.00 per year.

Townships included: Princeville, Akron, Millbrook, Jubilee, Hallock and Radnor in Peoria County; Essex, Valley and West Jersey in Stark County; Truro in Knox County; and La Prairie in Marshall County.

Committees on History and Reminiscences:

- 1906: S. S. Slane, Mrs. J. E. Merritt, Edward Auten.
- 1907: Edward Auten, Hannah G. Hutchins, F. B. Blanchard.
- 1908: Edward Auten, Rose C. Armstrong, H. J. Cheeseman.
- 1909: Edward Auten, L. L. Stewart, W. H. Adams.
- 1910: S. S. Slane, W. H. Adams.

INTRODUCTION

This book is a reproduction, with a few corrections and additions, of the various sketches as transmitted by the respective Committees to the Union each year, and the sketches are given here in the same order as transmitted to the Union, the year of writing being indicated on each sketch.

Each of the Reminiscence Committees has realized that the families named in its sketches are but a few taken from among the many families worthy the pen of a historian; and the Publishing Committee likewise realizes that this booklet contains but a part of the families that should be noted. The Committee therefore hopes that the publication of this volume will be an incentive to the writing of additional family sketches, and bespeaks the preparation of such sketches by families interested, for future Reminiscence Committees, which may in due time be published in another volume similar to this one.

Besides the copies of this booklet subscribed in advance of publication, the committee has a limited number of copies still on hand for sale at cost: 35 cents per copy postpaid; 30 cents. carriage not prepaid.

DANIEL PRINCE.

By Mrs. J. E. Merritt, 1906.

As near as we have been able to learn, Daniel Prince of Indiana was the first white man to settle at the Grove. He came to this locality in 1821 and started his home on the South side of the grove, on the land now belonging to Mr. S. S. Slane. His cabin was built after the style of Mr. Cutter's, save that it had no glass windows, no upper story, and had a hole in the side for a door.

Here Mr. Prince lived for many years among the wild men of the forest with no companion save his faithful Thomas, concerning whom many interesting anecdotes are related. He early made friends with the red men, and when the Black Hawk War broke out in 1832, unlike the other early settlers he did not go into the Fort at Peoria, but remained on his farm and was unmolested.

About the year 1833, becoming tired of his lonely existence, he married Miss Betty Morrow, aunt to our well known fellow citizen, Mr. Hugh Morrow. To them were born three children.

For several years Mr. Prince and his wife remained here improving their home farm. But as others moved in and the neighborhood began to assume a more civilized aspect, a restless longing for the pioneer life he so loved, impelled him in 1839 to move to Southwestern Missouri, a country which at that time was the wild, unimproved West. And here I am sorry to say, we lose track of him, none of his descendants having lived in this part of the country for any length of time. One of his sons, I am told, visited with his relatives, the Morrow's, a few years ago.

Many interesting and amusing stories are told by the old settlers who were acquainted with this eccentric, but benevolent man. Hospitality was the first law of

his life. Soon after settling here he began to raise a nursery. When he set out his own orchard, he planted a row of trees all along the South and West sides of his farm which were free for all. Travelers were invited to help themselves. All from far and near were welcome to the apples as long as they lasted. The first apple sauce the writer ever remembers of eating, was made from apples grown on these trees. It was mighty nice, too.

At one time before he had any white neighbors, Mr. Prince was bitten by a rattle snake. There was no one to do anything for him. He rapidly grew worse. The thought of dying alone where prowling wolves would come in and devour his body, leaving nothing to tell the story of his tragic fate, was not a pleasant one. He determined, while strength was still left him to do so, to climb up on the roof of his cabin, out of the reach of wolves and where some chance explorer or friendly Indian seeing his body would give him a decent burial. After climbing on top of the cabin, he found that elevating his foot relieved his pain. Thus he remained until some passing Indians, seeing their white friend in this peculiar position, stopped to make inquiries. On learning the facts they took him down, applied the remedies they used for snake bites and Mr. Prince soon recovered.

Mr. Prince raised large numbers of cattle and hogs on his farm. One day, at a time when he had about 100 yoke of oxen, a gentleman stopped at the cabin and wished to buy four yoke. Mr. Prince replied that he had none to sell. "I will give \$500.00 for four yoke of oxen." "I told you I had none to sell," returned Mr. Prince, and the man was compelled to look elsewhere for cattle. Soon after Mr. Prince learned that a family in the neighborhood was short of provision. He immediately selected a good beef from his herd, butchered it and bountifully supplied the suffering family with food. It was his habit, say his early associates, to supply the poor in the vicinity with beef and pork. An old settler who was personally acquainted

with, and a near neighbor of Daniel Prince, told me that he was as kind and good a neighbor as one could wish for, and that no man in early days had done more for the people of this place than did he.

While making no profession of religion himself, Mr. Prince always allowed his wife to throw out the latch string to any minister who came along, and open their cabin for religious services. Not long since I heard an account of one of these early meetings held at the Prince home. The house was at that time a double log with entry, a large fire place in one end, a bed in the other. In the open space at the foot of the bed, stood the preacher, the congregation occupying the remaining space between bed and fire.

In the midst of the discourse when the minister had waxed eloquent, the cloth drapery over the door was pushed aside and Mr. Prince, who had been detained looking after his stock which he never neglected, entered, clad in buckskin clothes, quietly warmed himself by the fire, for it was cold, then gently rose up, went to the bed, turned the covers back and jumped in, buckskins and all, and covered himself up. The minister, unheeding the interruption, went on with his sermon. When he had closed the meeting the neighbors returned to their homes, glad to have had the privilege of listening to a gospel sermon, and thanking Mr. Prince for his hospitality, if he did think he could enjoy the sermon better resting in bed. Much more of interest might be told concerning this kind and brave man for whom our grove, village and township have been named, but enough has been said to prove that the founder of the early settlement here was no mean character, but one who justly deserves our profound respect and one who should be held in grateful remembrance by all our younger citizens as well as the early settlers.

STEPHEN FRENCH AND FAMILY.

By Mrs. J. E. Merritt, 1906.

The first man to move his family to Prince's Grove was Stephen French, who came here from Fort Clark in 1828 and settled on the land known as the Onias Bliss farm, now owned by Emanuel Keller. He built a cabin near where the Onias Bliss frame house now stands. When Stephen was away the wife Anna and her little ones had for company wild Indians, wild woods, wild wolves and wild cats. The original cabin built by Mr. French stood until recent years and is, I suppose, well remembered by many present.

Mr. French and his wife, like Mr. Prince, loved pioneering, their son Mr. Dimmick French, being the first white child born in Peoria County. They had no pronounced religious views but were hospitable to all denominations alike. They were very kind hearted. Mrs. French doing much in ministering to the sick, and nursing wherever suffering among the early settlers called her. At one time there was much sickness in their neighborhood. Often when the day's work was done, she and Stephen would take their two little ones and go to the sick neighbor's where she would spend the night in caring for the sick one, her husband in looking after the children. Mrs. French has often told me stories of their early days here. At one time she invited the Indian women in the Grove to take supper with her. She set her table as if for white guests. When the red women were seated they looked in astonishment at the knives and forks and then at each other. Then they picked them up and minutely examined the strange instruments. Laying them again carefully in their places, the squaws fell to eating just like monkeys.

Many nights when Mr. French was away on business she would look out and see the yellow glaring eyes of the wolves prowling around the cabin. And they were not prairie coyotes either, but tremendous black

and gray wolves. You may be certain that Mistress Anna did not let the children out of doors on these occasions. She had no strong clapboard doors fastened with chain and padlock, as Mr. Cutter has, but depended for safety in barricading the door of her cabin where ordinarily only a quilt hung, with whatever available means she had, and in keeping a bright fire constantly roaring in the huge fire-place.

In this little cabin several of the French children were born, Mirandus, born March 9, 1832, being the first white child native at Prince's Grove. There were eleven children in all, but in 1848 some serious disease developed among them and in a few weeks five promising children were laid to rest, some of them being already grown. The family have proven very short lived as a rule. Several of them died in their twenty-eighth year.

Captain John French was the youngest boy of the family. He enlisted in the early days of the Civil War, and was in Sherman's famous March from Atlanta to the Sea. He fought in the very last struggles on Cape Fear River, where in March, 1865, a cruel bullet ended his young and promising life. This seems especially sad as this battle in which he lost his life was fought after the surrender of Lee and after the war was virtually ended. He died not knowing that the cause for which he gave his life was already successful, that liberty, union and peace were triumphant. To remember Captain French is to remember one of Princeville's most promising and energetic young men.

In the year 1857 Mr. French bought a home in the Village of Princeville and they moved from the little cabin where they had experienced so many sorrows and joys, to the new home where he and his wife spent the remainder of their days.

None of the original members of the family are now living, the name having become extinct. Of the grandchildren six are living. There are sixteen great-grandchildren and two great great-grandchildren. Mr. French was one of the first magistrates elected in this place,

and filled offices of trust many times, and we feel that both Stephen and Anna French filled their places in life well and honorably.

(Mr. J. Z. Slane says that John French was killed before Lee's surrender. He was mortally wounded on March 16, 1865, and died early next morning. Lee surrendered April 9, 1865.)

THE WILLIAM P. BLANCHARD FAMILY.

By Mrs. J. E. Merritt, 1906.

The next family that I am to write up is that of William P. and Mary Blanchard. They did not settle immediately at the Grove, but so near that it might be termed in the suburbs. In the early thirties Mr. Blanchard, finding his large family in need of a larger scope for expansion, made an exploring expedition to the West and North of where he was then living in Lawrence County, Illinois, to which place they had come from Kentucky in their early married life. On this trip he visited Prince's Grove and vicinity. He ventured prairie-ward, selecting a quarter-section of land two miles west of the Princee farm, which he afterward bought. To his mind there were already about as many settlers here as the grove would supply with fuel, little dreaming that the whole country contained but a few feet below the surface, good coal sufficient to supply fuel for all who would ever live in it for generations to come. In 1835 he with his two oldest boys, John and Marshal, started for the place destined to be their future home. But the winter was a very severe one. They were delayed on their way and did not reach their destination until March, 1836. They went into camp near the place now owned by Mr. Wash. Mott and began industriously to prepare for the family. Mr. Princee, ever ready to accommodate new comers, rented them some land for wheat, corn, potatoes and other vegetables. They endured many

hardships, at one time being reduced to a diet of bran bread, owing to the difficulty of getting grain ground. But "Stick to it" was their motto and finally logs were ready for building, rails for fencing, the vegetables were growing nicely, and Mr. Blanchard with the boys turned his face Southward to fetch Polly and the babies. As rapidly as possible he closed up his business at home, took leave of old friends of long and pleasant associations, who were assembled to see them off, and again turned to the North. The sight of this caravan of pilgrims bound for a new country would be an interesting one today. The train was lead by a huge Virginia schooner drawn by five yoke of oxen, John driving. If that old Virginia wagon were here to-day it would be a curiosity equal to the log cabin. It was made of strong, heavy timber, so braced and fastened together that it could scarce break if rolled down a mountain side. The end gates were high, with sides sloping toward the center; on each side of the bed was a box for tools or other articles that might be needed by the way; at the back was a large feed box. The wagon was painted blue and covered with 25 yards of linen spun and woven by Mrs. Blanchard and her daughters. In this wagon was stored food to supply the family for several months, two spinning wheels, a large quantity of wool for carding, household goods of various sorts, and Mrs. Blanchard and the small children. Next came Mr. Blanchard driving the hogs and sheep, assisted by three of the boys; and in the rear came the young ladies of the family mounted on horses, driving the cattle and loose horses. If this caravan should pass through the streets of our village to-day, it would create more excitement than a procession of automobiles.

In this order they slowly advanced until on June 16, 1836, they arrived at the camping ground. The first work after arriving was to unload the Virginia schooner, set it on blocks and convert it into a sleeping room for six of the boys. It took the whole family to lift it off the running gear. An old settler told me the

other day that same old Virginia schooner was the one which took Daniel Prince and his family to Missouri.

The work of making the new home was vigorously pushed by the father and boys, and soon music different from that of the birds in the tree-tops was heard in the camp,—that of the busy spinning wheels,—for cloth must be made for clothing for the entire family. And if the young ladies wanted silk or fine Jackonette, or any other finery for dresses, they must first make home made cloth to exchange for the other. We must not get an idea that our early pioneer girls had no love of finery or the privilege of dressing nicely if they wished. Almost every family gave their girls the privilege, after the household had been supplied, of making cloth to exchange for store goods, an opportunity which most of them quickly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard's family were happy because they were busy. For four months they remained in camp in White Oak. By that time a cabin of hewed logs 16 x 16 feet had been built on the prairie land. In October they struck camp and moved into the log cabin. How this family of father, mother and eleven children, four of them grown, managed to live in this little cabin is hard to tell. But you may be sure the family were all safely housed at night with the latch string always out for any belated traveler, and there were many such who were fearfully afraid of the wolves, especially the Eastern people, unused to these howling creatures. None were ever turned away, but every one was made welcome to a good comforter and a bed by the great log fire place, an invitation gladly accepted by many a weary traveler.

In this little log cabin a little girl was born May 24, 1837, less than a year after Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard had settled in Peoria County. Two other children were born later, making fourteen in all. There are four of these children still living. Of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard there are living to-day, four children, thirty-four grand-children, one hundred twenty-seven great-grandchildren and thirty-one great-

grandchildren, two hundred in all, scattered all over the United States, and some even as far away as India.

Mr. Blanchard was one of the first men elected to the office of magistrate in this township. Although coming from a slave state and a slave owner's family, he was an old line Whig, and a staunch abolitionist, taking his stand with the Republican party when that party was organized. He and his wife were active Christians and as soon as they were able to do so, opened their doors for religious services, large congregations from far and near often assembling in their home to hear the gospel preached. All who wished to remain for afternoon services were invited to do so and were freely fed and made as comfortable as possible. In the early fifties a family reunion was held on the home farm. The fourteen children were all present, the youngest being about four years old. Not once had death entered their circle. In all there were about fifty present. It was a day of gladness and feasting. Soon after one of the boys went West in search of gold, followed a year later by a younger brother. They never returned. One found a grave at Olympia, Washington, the other at Astoria, Oregon.

In the fall of 1855 Mr. Blanchard bought a home in the Village of Princeville and moved his family there. Here he and his wife lived until they exceeded their golden wedding anniversary by three years. In 1868 Mrs. Blanchard died suddenly, followed a year later by her husband who died after a protracted illness,—and two more of Princeville's pioneer settlers had gone to their long rest.

All honor to the brave and noble men and women who were not afraid to brave the dangers, endure the hardships, deny themselves the comforts and associations of their early homes, that we, their descendants, might have a broader scope, greater opportunities and more freedom in a better country.

THE SLOAN FAMILY.

By S. S. Slane, 1906.

Jerome Sloan, son of John R. and Maria Sloan, was born in Sloansville, New York, January 15, 1813. Mr. Sloan's parents with their entire family left New York for Peoria County in the fall of 1837, arriving at Peoria in December of that year, having come by teams all of the way. They stopped near Farmington until the spring of 1839, when they moved to Princeville. They occupied a cabin North of the Village on land owned by a Mr. Riggs, until the spring of 1840, when they removed to the farm now occupied by Mr. Sloan. Soon after the father died. The family at that time consisted of the mother, five sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Ralph, was a noted artist of his time, being a painter of portraits and landscapes. He died many years since. Joseph lost his life through an accident while yet a young man, Henry dying more recently. Augustus D. went over-land to California at an early date, dying a few years since in the village here. Emily, the only daughter, married Nelson Burnham, of Farmington, Fulton County, Illinois, who died last winter in the city of Peoria.

Mr. Jerome Sloan married Miss Charlotte Barnes in 1860. To them were born eleven children, nine sons and two daughters. He has passed through the hardships and privations of pioneer life, and has by industry and economy accumulated sufficient of this world's goods to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort and ease. While he has never been connected with any of the religious associations of this community, he has very decided views of his own on these matters. Mr. Sloan at this time is in the enjoyment of most excellent health, being able to walk to and from the village from his home without any assistance, which at his age of ninety-three years is quite remarkable.

THE MORROW FAMILY.

By S. S. Slane, 1906.

Hugh Morrow was born on Section 7 in Akron Township, on April 14, 1832. In the year 1838 his parents removed to Section 20 of Akron Township, where he has lived ever since, a period of 68 years. Mr. Morrow's parents, Thomas Morrow and Eleanor Morrow, came from Park County, Indiana, to Peoria County, Illinois, in the early part of the year 1832 and settled on Section 7, Akron Township. With Mr. Thomas Morrow came his parents, John Morrow, Sr., and Jane Morrow; also four brothers and two sisters, James, John Jr., William, Josiah, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Daniel Prince, the pioneer settler of this place, for whom the Township, the Village and the Grove were named, and Jane, the wife of Samuel R. White, an early settler of Princeville Township. John Morrow, Sr., owned and improved a part of the farm recently sold by Mr. Charles Taylor, South of the Village. He died soon after and was buried in the old Cemetery South of the Village of Princeville, long since abandoned. Mrs. Jane Morrow and son John in company with Mr. Prince and family, moved from this vicinity to the State of Missouri in the fall of 1839, where they have long since been numbered with the dead. Mr. Josiah Morrow moved to Iowa in 1840, having improved a part of the estate owned at this time by the heirs of the late Austin Bouton. Mr. Morrow died January 5, 1899, at the age of eighty. Mr. James Morrow improved the farm now owned by Mr. Elijah Tracy and others, a part being included in the village corporation. He sold out and moved to Washington County, Iowa, in the year 1854, where he died well advanced in age, and respected by all who knew him. Mr. William Morrow improved the farm now owned by Frank Debord, which he sold in 1872, moving to Andrew County, Missouri, where he died. Mr. Thomas Morrow, father of Hugh

Morrow, died in 1848, leaving his wife and a family of ten children, eight sons and two daughters.

Mr. Hugh Morrow has the distinction of being the first white child born in Akron Township, also of having lived a greater number of years on the same section than any other resident of the Township. Hugh Morrow (son of Thomas Morrow), Samuel Morrow (son of William Morrow) and William and Mary Ann White (son and daughter of Mrs. Jane Morrow White), are the only representatives of this large family now living in this vicinity.

THE JOHN SMITH FAMILY OF NORTHWEST PRINCEVILLE.

By Miss Mary J. Smith, 1906.

Miss Jane Payne was born August 16, 1825, near Hillsdale, Carroll county, Virginia. When about sixteen years of age she came West to Illinois and settled on Section 7 in Princeville Township, where she resided until the fall of 1890, then becoming a resident of the Village of Princeville.

Her parents, Walter and Rachel Payne, had come up from North Carolina and settled in that part of Virginia when it was a new country, and wild turkey, deer and black bear inhabited the Blue Ridge Mountains, near which they lived. Grandfather Payne was a gunsmith by trade; he also did blacksmith work, both of which trades were very useful to the community in those days when almost everything in those lines was wrought out by hand. He was also a great hunter and loved to tell of his hunting adventures, how straight he could shoot, and of how much game he killed with the first pound of powder he ever had bought for him: sixty wild turkeys, two deer and one bear. Grandmother Payne also could handle a gun. One day a large blue winged hawk was after her chickens and she

took down grandfather's gun and went after the hawk and shot it.

In those days the pioneer women were not nervous, they were equal to any emergency. They could kill a snake, shoot a hawk or kill a bear, like Betsey Bobbitt did. Her brother, Uncle Abram Cooley, had come West to Illinois, and had gone back to Virginia to settle up an estate, and told what a fine country this was, and gave such a glowing account of this rich black prairie soil, that Uncle Ben Cooley said that he didn't believe the Almighty ever made such a difference in countries as he described.

Anyway Grandfather and Grandmother decided to become pioneers once more, and cast their lot in the Sucker State this time, and in September, 1842, in company with other friends and relatives to the number of twenty-seven, they started "West" in prairie schooners. Of that goodly number they have "gathered homeward one by one," until Mrs. Smith now is the only one left to ford the River.

They were six weeks on the road, traveling by day and camping out nights, sleeping in the wagons or under a tent cloth. Sometimes if it rained the women and children were sheltered in the homes, which in those days were very hospitably inclined.

In those days the opportunities for receiving an education were very different from now. Miss Jane had an opportunity to go to Rochester and live with a kind lady and go to school, but fidelity to her mother who was in feeble health, caused her to decide otherwise and miss the opportunity. Surely the promise has been verified in her case, for the Lord hath said, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Her husband, John Smith, was born in Rutherglen, Lanarkshire, Scotland, December 14, 1822. He removed with his parents to Glasgow when between three and four years of age, and was educated at Mr. McEwen's school in the Barony parish, receiving many

prizes from the principal, the Rev. McFarland, minister in the High Church of Glasgow.

After leaving school he spent a few years as clerk in a book store, where he acquired a taste for reading which lasted through life. He also worked for a short time in a factory as dresser. He came to America in 1841, and settled in Princeville Township in 1844 as a farmer, where he resided until his death, the 27th of May, 1890.

It was here he met his "Bonnie Jean" of whom he sung in the Scottish melody so quaintly sweet. In the flowery month of May he was married to Miss Jane Payne by the side of the log cabin home, under two great spreading oak trees, May 18, 1848. Rev. Robt. Breese, whose narrow home is now in the Princeville cemetery where the weeping willow waves, spoke the mystic words that united their lives until death did them part. To them were born eight children: Isabella, Rachel, John, Walter, Mary J., Margaret A., William W., and Lizzie S.

For more than sixteen years, his children and grandchildren have missed his fatherly counsel, but the companion who journeyed by his side for forty-two years, has missed him most. And as the boatman, with his noiseless oars, comes to row us one by one over the resistless tide, we trust that only the ripples may come and go, as she crosses the bar that separates her from that great company of loved ones who have already crossed the tide, and hear the Welcome Home.*

Grandfather Smith was born at Rutherglen, near Glasgow, Scotland, about the year 1789, and died at his home near Princeville, Ill., March 27, 1852, aged 63 years. His name was John, that being the name of the oldest son in each family for more than two hundred years previously. Grandmother Smith, whose maiden name was Margaret White, died in Scotland leaving four small children. Afterward he married Bethia

* Mrs. Jane Payne-Smith died January 30, 1912.

Eura, who was born at Rutherglen also, in 1798, and died at her home near Princeville, October 24, 1876, aged 78 years.

They emigrated to America in the fall of 1842, and landed at New Orleans after being nine weeks on the ocean voyage. A fearful hurricane off the Gulf of Mexico drove the vessel back 300 miles and prolonged the voyage. They thought, for a time, the vessel with all on board would find a watery grave, but a kind Providence spared their lives and they reached their destination, America. They stayed in New Orleans a short time and then came to St. Louis, Mo., with their family consisting of the following children: Margaret, Isabella, Robert, Jannet, Archibald and David. After remaining in St. Louis about two years, they came to Princeville Township in the spring of 1844. The oldest son, John, who had come to America about a year previously, came from Canada to visit them soon after their arrival. It was to be with him as well as to better their condition that the family had come to America.

Grandfather Smith enlisted in the Peninsular war when quite a young man (war between England and France and their allied powers, the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte commanding the respective sides). He was in the army about nine years, and his time expired about three weeks before the battle of Waterloo. He was wounded in battle, once lying on the battle-field three or four days before he could get away, and saw the hardships of army life. At times they were so reduced in rations as to be glad to get the corn that was fed to the horses.

Grandfather was a man of deeply pious and religious temperament, and administered to the spiritual needs of many of the early settlers far and near. He was in the habit of gathering his family around him night and morning for family worship, and died, as he had lived, trusting in the living God.

Grandmother Smith was a strong woman physically. She washed in the early days to help along, and walked and carried one of her grandchildren from Peoria to

their home in Princeville Township, a distance of 27 miles. She was the mother of eight children, five of whom died in Scotland. She also was a woman with strong convictions of right, and the writer's earliest recollection of her was of seeing her seated at a table near a window, knitting, with her open Bible before her, sometimes reading aloud from the word of God. Coming here as they did in the early days, they knew the hardships and privations of pioneer life, but by persevering industry accumulated a comfortable amount of this world's goods and blazed the way for their posterity. They are entitled to our reverence and sincerest gratitude and respect.

THE SLANE FAMILY.

By Edward Auten, 1906.

Benjamin Slane was born in Chester, Frederic County, Virginia, in 1798. He married Delilah Cheshire, of Hampshire County, in 1824. She was an excellent woman, and the mother of six children, viz.: Benjamin F. (commonly called Frank), John Z., Elizabeth A., Delilah J., Samuel S. and James T. Slane.

In that same Virginia community were two other families, those of Jonathan Nixon and William Nixon, forming with Mr. Slane's family a little group bound together by ties of relationship (even though Jonathan and William Nixon were not related) and common good will and interests.

In 1830 Mr. Slane moved his family, then consisting of three children, John, Frank and Elizabeth, to Ohio, where the Nixons had already preceded him. But before leaving Virginia he had decided to come eventually to Fort Clark, now Peoria, and in 1831 he, together with the Nixons, made their way to the Ohio River at Marietta, where they procured a "keel" boat, flat and square, and shaped like a box car, and floated on it to Cincinnati. Here they abandoned the keel boat

and changed to the steamboat "Don Juan," a tub of a boat with a big name. The children and women were much awed by the noise and racket, the excitement of changing at night, the profanity of the boat's crew, the first they had heard, and the haste to be off to the next stop, Louisville. Changing boats again here, they reached St. Louis in good time. From St. Louis to Fort Clark they had as traveling companions eighteen big burley Indians, wearing blankets and provided with big iron kettles. These were the first Indians any of the party had ever seen, and of them the women and children were very much afraid.

There were no stoves in those days, and so on the deck of the boat a place was provided to build a fire and cook the meals. The Indians were always the first to cook breakfast which consisted of a big kettle of corn meal into which they threw chunks of meat, the whole giving off an odor anything but savory to a white man.

The steamer proceeded slowly up the Illinois River, stopping now and then at "woodyards" along the banks to lay in a supply of wood—the only fuel known at that time.

On November 4th, 1831, a beautiful autumn day, they landed at Fort Clark, and as they clambered up the bank "there probably was never a more homesick band of women and children than this one," and probably a few of the men were at least slightly affected. Quarters were procured in a double log cabin and all went there. William Nixon got a separate cabin soon, but Jonathan and Mr. Slane lived there with their families until the next summer, and a "cold, dirty, thankless cabin it was, but as good as the average." It was situated on the river side of Water street and not more than a stone's throw from the present City Depot, and diagonally opposite the Indian headquarters. They lived in Peoria for two years; Mr. Slane and a Mr. Craig cut and salted hogs for one Martin in the winter of 1832-33.

Mr. Slane moved in March, 1833, to Section 27 in Richwoods Township, where he had built a cabin the winter before. Two years later he sold his claim to Smith Frye for \$200.00, moving in April of 1835 to Rosefield to a new claim on the Knoxville road, then barely passable.

Big Hollow was so steep they locked the wheels together, and all got out and walked, Mrs. Slane carrying the present President of our Old Settlers' Union in her arms, he being then a babe of less than a year old. They passed through the Village of Kickapoo, comprising one house and one log stable, of which John Coyle, a brother of Mrs. Asa Beall, was sole proprietor.

Mrs. Slane, in the prime of life, when most needed by her children, died at the age of 39 in 1839, and her death was a great affliction to Mr. Slane. He never married again, but with a sad heart and a resolute will entered upon the difficult duties of raising and educating in these pioneer times his children, a task most men would have shrunk from, but he did not. Elizabeth Nixon, wife of Jonathan, neighbor to Mr. Slane at this time and afterwards when they moved to Princeville, became almost a second mother to his children, who even now bear in grateful memory her care of them at that time.

William Nixon, who had moved to Tazewell from Peoria, crossed the river once more and lived in Rosefield several years, then went back to Tazewell again, and still later settled down at Elmwood where he ran the first hotel. He died there in 1858.

In 1840 Mr. Slane and Jonathan Nixon moved to Princeville. Mr. Slane purchased Block 20 of Mr. Stevens and moved into a log cabin standing in the center of it. The first year in Princeville was very hard—"So hard I often think it would do the young people of the present generation good to live as we did for just one month."

In 1845, brothers Frank and John started a lime kiln in the southeast corner of Section 24, Princeville Township, about sixty rods west of the east section

line. This was the only lime kiln for miles around and drew trade from points as distant as Weathersfield, Galva, Rochester, Brimfield, Lawn Ridge and Chillicothe. They chopped and split the wood in the winter themselves and in the summer burnt the lime, occasionally having to hire an extra man to quarry stone. They continued in this business for nine years. Shortly after they quit, lime began to be shipped in, so that their business would have been gone from them had they continued.

In 1846 Mr. Benjamin Slane purchased an acre tract east of his log cabin, in Akron, and built a frame house, where he moved. Later he bought the acre north of it, extending to the north section line. This is in the vicinity of the present Hitchcock pond. These two acres he occupied as his homestead until November 22, 1865, when he moved to the southeast quarter of Section 23, where Mr. Thos. Slane now lives. Here Mr. Slane lived until his death on April 29, 1875. At one time he knew every man in the county. He never sought office, but the people, having faith in his integrity, kept him justice of the peace for twelve years, and supervisor six years. He made a good justice. He carefully considered the cases he had to decide, and as near as we can learn, not one of his decisions has been reversed by the higher courts. He always advised litigants to settle, and every three out of five cases presented to him were settled before trial. He aided in the promotion of educational interests, and has been a school official. He aided in public improvements, when a benefit to the town. When he arrived at Fort Clark he had just one pieayune in his pocket. By his own personal efforts he soon acquired money enough to purchase land. His life was a busy and eventful one. He was ever a friend to the cause of humanity, freedom of thought and speech, charitable to all, with malice towards none; ever loving the right, because of its justice; ever hating wrong because of his knowledge of its pernicious influences on the destinies of mankind.

Mrs. Elizabeth Nixon died at Red Oak, Iowa, April 20, 1884, and her remains were brought to Cambridge, Illinois, and interred in the cemetery at that place by the side of her husband, Jonathan Nixon. She left one child, Mrs. M. H. Hewitt, with whom she lived at the time of her death. Mr. Hewitt was a lawyer, first at Toulon, then at Cambridge, and later he moved to Red Oak, Iowa, where he was elected Circuit Judge.

Of the children of Mr. Slane, Benjamin F. died eleven years ago, the father of six children, viz.: Ida, now dead nine years, Odillon, Oliver, Edgar, Elgie and Mina.

Samuel S. and Elizabeth A. Slane have never married.

Delilah J. in 1854 married William E. Root. They moved to Nebraska, residing at present at Fairbury, that state.

James T. married Margaret Green in September, 1860. To them was born one daughter, Eva.

John Z. Slane enlisted on August 9, 1862, in Capt. French's company, Co. K. Eighty-sixth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served until the close of the war. He did hospital duty twice and in the spring of 1864 was sent home for a few months to recover from severe illness contracted from exposure near Knoxville, Tenn. In March, 1867, he was married to Mary Patton, a niece of Dr. R. F. Henry, and to them were born four children, Wilber P., Elzada V., and two who died in infancy.

Unlike many families, the children of Benjamin Slane have not scattered. Save for the one daughter now residing in Nebraska, all of them have remained in this community, without exception honest and upright in business, deserving success and obtaining it, and respected by all who know them.

WILLIAM C. STEVENS, THE FOUNDER OF PRINCEVILLE.

By Mrs. Mary E. Moody and Mrs. Hannah G. Hutchins,
1907.

Perhaps it will be interesting to the members of our organization to know somewhat of the early life and history of the founder of our little village as going to show how the training of the boy shapes the character of the man. William Chase Stevens was born at Plainfield, N. H., in May, 1797. There on a rocky New England farm in sight of the perpetually snow clad Mt. Croyden, he passed the first seven years of his life. Gifted with a remarkably retentive memory he often told his children of incidents that occurred in those early and trying days, for New Hampshire at that time was but a new and sparsely settled state. Among others, one extremely cold and snowy winter when the snow had lain for weeks five feet deep on the level, the roads were impassable and the wild deer and birds almost exterminated by the cold; as the snow began to melt off toward spring, the big, gray, half-starved wolves came down from the mountains in packs, devouring in their ravenous hunger all domestic animals that were not well housed.

One sunny day at this time, his father turned out their one cow to stand for the first time in many weeks in the sunshine on the south side of the barn where the snow had been cleared off for a small space. On coming to the house for a bucket of water (they had to melt snow for all water for stock as well as for themselves) a pack of wolves came after the cow, and she ran bellowing toward the house, but the wolves got her, five springing on her at one time, killing and devouring her before their eyes, though the old flint lock did good service in the process.

The faithful dog had fallen a prey long since, while the father with dog and gun was trying to protect his sheep from the voracious wolves. Mr. Stevens remem-

bered hearing his mother exclaim as the cow went down, "Oh, what will my poor children do now," as the cow had contributed largely to their support during that terrible winter. This is only one of many incidents in the life of that sturdy New England boy.

In 1804 that irreparable loss (especially to a boy) came to him—his father died of pneumonia after an illness of only four days, leaving a widow with six young children on a rocky farm not wholly paid for. The widow (who some of you might be interested to know was a cousin of Bishop Philander Chase, founder of Jubilee College, and also of Kenyon College, Ohio,) finding it impossible to finish paying for the farm and raise her children, sold it, paid all debts and moved onto a much smaller farm in Cornish near the Connecticut River. Here, by the most economical management and incessant industry of all the family, they wrung from that little, hard New England farm, not only a good living, but means to give her family good school and church privileges and also to help others when needed, though the latter was always at great sacrifice. Thus was the boy's sturdy character being formed as well as his sturdy physique.

He went to district school winters, studying at home evenings and reciting to his older sisters, keeping them diligently studying as one of them said, to answer his many questions. At the age of 12 years he entered Meriden Academy, attending winters and working on his mother's farm in summer. During the winter he stayed at the home of his mother's cousin, Judge Short, paying his board by taking care of the horse and cow and cutting the wood for three, sometimes four fires. all the time studying evenings.

Thus in four years he finished his academy course with honor and returned to work on the farm. But he was uneasy, he wanted to go to college and his mother needed him at home. The occasional peep into his cousin's law books and library proved an inspiration to him and he longed to know more. There was so

much to learn that he felt he could not content himself working from sunrise to sunset on the farm.

Gradually the mother learned of his ambition and said, "Well, William, I guess your sisters and I will have to buckle in and send you to college and you can still help in summer in haying. Elizabeth has her certificate and can teach school now—I will make the butter and cheese and help your other sisters in the spinning and weaving—we must manage some way to send you to college." His reply was, "Oh, mother! I don't want you to send me—if I could only have my time I can do all the rest and help in haying too"—and he did. So the boy of seventeen, thirsting for knowledge, full of pluck and energy, hating idleness, taught school because he could earn more money that way and have more time for study and besides read law in the summer with his cousin, Judge Short. But he did not forget to redeem his promise to his mother of helping her in haying, by hiring a good man to work in his place, with her consent.

It was an inflexible law with this good mother that everyone should keep his word, no matter at what sacrifice. The promise made or word given must not be broken. This was another lesson in life early and persistently taught by that mother and adhered to by her son through a long life.

By such self-sacrificing and persevering industry his course of study was completed and he had managed also to read a good deal of law. He was sent on a long horseback journey to Western New York to settle an estate and this done he taught for some time in Pennsylvania. In 1823 he turned his face southward where it was rumored were great opportunities for young men.

He taught for a time in Virginia and later was admitted to the bar at Richmond, and afterwards in North Carolina. Finding the bar at Richmond well filled with distinguished legal lights and ambitious young southern politicians, he thought best for a young man who had his own fortune to make, to leave the charming circle where ease and refinement abounded

and where he had been treated with all kindness and courtesy. So he located at Amelia Court House, establishing there a good practice which soon extended to the adjoining counties.

In 1827 he married a cultured young southern lady of Quaker parentage and after a time removed to Asheville, N. C., where he became preceptor of a flourishing academy, doing, as he said, some of the best work of his life as an instructor of youth—work that he could look back upon in after years with great gratification—work that proved to be of far-reaching and lasting benefit in that community. After spending several pleasant and profitable years at Asheville, and having now a young family, he became convinced that it was not right to bring up his children in a slave-holding community. He was a man of strong convictions and under any and every circumstance or condition, he lived up to those convictions. He was convinced that slavery was wrong in itself and that its influence on the white people was not for their improvement, therefore he would have none of it. With many inducements to remain in the South, easy life, good position, his love of the kindly, refined and hospitable people, his decision was unalterable: his children should not be brought up in contact with human slavery. So, notwithstanding the entreaties of friends, the home was disposed of and loading their necessary belongings into a two-horse, oil-cloth covered wagon, he with his brave wife and three little children started on their long journey to Illinois in February, 1834.

Hearing much about this time of the beauty and productiveness of this new state, of its broad and fertil prairies all cleared and waiting for the plow, he had corresponded with his unmarried brother, Amos, then teaching in Louisiana, who like himself had heard of the fame of the Illinois prairies and responded to the call. It was arranged that Amos should precede William to Illinois, select a location and have ready on their arrival as comfortable a house as possible.

He came up the Mississippi River to St. Louis, thence by horseback to Peoria, as the brothers had agreed to make that their postoffice address and meeting place. He found Peoria a hamlet of three or four families and no idle men that could be hired as help or guide. A Mr. Ewalt who had come into Peoria with an ox team from French Grove, acted as guide and gave advice as to the necessary proceedings for the erection of a cabin.

Amos located at the forks of the Kickapoo, the tract of land selected having both prairie and some good timber. Preparations for building proceeded without delay. Alone, he cut down trees and trimmed and snaked up hill with his one horse the logs for the cabin, lying at night on the ground, his horse picketed near, and faithful dog his only companions.

On the night of the third day during a fearful thunderstorm, his horse was killed by lightning, and Amos not returning to Peoria on Tuesday of the next week, as he intended, Mr. Charles Kettelle rode out the sixteen miles to see if harm had befallen him. Amos Stevens said there was never a more welcome sight to the shipwrecked mariner, than that friend as he came around the bend of the creek just at the going down of the sun. He had worked there eight days without seeing a human being, his slumbers disturbed at night by the howling of wolves, being obliged to keep fires burning to scare them away. With some help from Mr. Kettelle and the nearest neighbor, who lived nine miles away, the cabin was at last up, with chimney of mud and sticks at one end and openings for door and windows, no floor as yet.

This first home of Mr. Stevens was at the forks of the Kickapoo sixteen miles from Peoria and two or three miles nearly south from the present site of Jubilee College. To this crude, unfinished cabin he brought his family after a weary journey of more than three months, and here in this wild, unsettled new country they began their new life, a life of unknown hardships, privations and dangers.

They straightway set about making the cabin more comfortable, but before it was completed, a hard rain coming on in the night showed them how unreliable was a roof through which you could count the stars, and openings for door and windows without either, and walls of logs with no plaster between. It was difficult to provide comfortable food with no cow, no chickens or eggs, no vegetables and no fruit, save a few wild strawberries which seemed like manna from heaven. Soon other settlers began to come in—the first one, David Combs, a bachelor, who proved a good neighbor. Soon after came James Harrison with wife and two little boys, John and Robert. Comforts were added to the primitive home as fast as possible, Mr. Stevens one day bringing home a new cupboard, and in it an old hen and her thirteen newly hatched chickens, which after much persuasion and many tempting offers he succeeded in buying. He rode long distances at different times to purchase a cow that his family might be supplied with milk and butter, luxuries that were impossible to procure at any price. Crops were coming on finely and giving promise of a good yield, and things generally looked more encouraging, when everything was changed by the death of his wife.

The pioneer life of this heroic wife and mother ended amid these strange and rude home surroundings, far from relatives and friends and the home of her girlhood where she had lived a life of ease and luxury. Her eyes had greeted the face of but one woman since her arrival, that of Mrs. James Harrison. During the sad weeks that followed, Mr. Stevens was confined closely caring for his very sick children and before they were wholly well, he fell sick himself.

At this time came what he always thought the Providential visit of Mr. Benjamin Slane and wife, the father and mother of our President, who had just settled a mile or two down the creek. Having heard of the sick, motherless children, they came to see if they could render any assistance. Finding Mr. Stevens prostrated with a high fever, wholly unable to sit up,

they immediately set to work to make them more comfortable. Quickly as possible they killed and cooked a chicken for broth for the sick man, carefully showing the little six-year-old Mary how to dress and cut up a chicken, also showing her how to make and bake biscuit, thinking that the father might be a long time sick with no one more competent to cook. Mr. Slane hastened out to care for the horses and to start David Combs to Peoria for the doctor. That was a visit of mercy gratefully remembered.

As to Mr. Stevens' first impressions of the site of our village, we will quote his own words from a newspaper interview published in the Peoria Journal in December, 1884. He said: "In the fall of 1834 I was driving along through this part of the country with a view of selecting a future home. About a mile west of this place, on a clear, beautiful day, I was driving my team slowly, looking here and there at the landscape.

"When my eye fell upon this present site of Princeville, I said to myself, 'What a beautiful site'—situated as it was between two belts of timber, and admirably adapted to the needs of the early settlers. They will come here and want to build a town, will need stores, shops, meeting-houses, etc.

"The determination to own it took possession of me. Upon inquiry I was informed by Squire French that Governor Duncan had the title of it. I looked up Governor Duncan who lived at Jacksonville and purchased his right and interest in the property, in 1836. The south boundary of this quarter-section is now known here as Canton street, and as I wanted to lay out a town extending farther south, I tried to find the owners of that also, to buy it. After some difficulty I found them at Carthage and Rushville in this state. They had only a nominal title and refused to part with it unless I would make them partners in the enterprise. This I consented to do. Their names do not appear as owners in the town site but they were interested. On April 4, 1837, we laid out the town. Phillips was county

surveyor at the time and his deputy, George W. McFadden did the work. When I came I found here Daniel Prince, after whom the groves nearby were called. He had been here many years among the Indians and was an old frontiersman."

There was at that time quite a settlement in and around the two groves. Stephen French had settled there some time before; there were a number of Morrows from Indiana, Mrs. Jane Morrow and her four sons, two with families, Thomas, James, William and John. Her daughter Bettie had married Daniel Prince. Doctor Watters and a widowed sister of Mrs. Jane Morrow, were all settled on their own farms, building in the edge of the timber. Mrs. Jane Morrow lived in a large hewed double log house with a porch the whole length of the house. This house was the palace of the neighborhood. There preaching was held, for these Morrows were godly people and had already organized a church, had preaching occasionally and soon hired a Mr. Babbitt to preach for them, who lived in a little cabin north of the grove where George I. McGinnis, Sr., lived later. Previous to this, in 1835, Mr. Stevens was again married to a lady from Massachusetts who was keeping school in Bureau County, and had removed his family from the Kickapoo cabin to Prince's Grove.

Not long after this, realizing that the education of the children was being neglected, a few fathers came together, talked the matter over, and built the log school house. At first it was merely a wall of logs with roof and openings for door and windows, and a dirt floor. The seats were of puncheons with two holes in the ends and sticks stuck in for legs (Miss Esther Stoddard taught the summer school, a short term attended only by the very little children, as the older boys and girls could not be spared during the summer—the former must work in the fields and the girls, too, when not preparing wool, carding, spinning and weaving). The first winter there were over thirty scholars, many nearly grown. Some came three or four miles, starting before daylight to get there before school was

called. This school house was used as a church from the first for all denominations, making appointments so that they should not interfere. It was also the voting place at elections and for a number of years filled an important place in the community. Many of our prominent citizens whose education was mostly or wholly obtained there, have passed away.

Before this was built, Mrs. Morrow, Mr. Stevens and some others opened their cabins for religious services whenever a preacher could be secured. Mr. Stevens' home was a well known stopping place for preachers of all creeds, and if one could be induced to stay over two nights, he would get on his horse and ride around notifying people there would be preaching at his house tonight, asking all to come.

Hospitality was a virtue always practiced by the generous-hearted pioneers and Mr. Stevens was no exception. The poor man moving through the country with a tired wife and family of children was fed, warmed and sheltered, even if it meant great personal discomfort. He always held that hospitality depending on a person's convenience was not worthy the name. Some notables were among the wayfarers. Governor Duncan often stayed over night in the cabin. Bishop Chase made the home his headquarters when in the vicinity.

One evening just after sunset, five men on horseback rode up and one said, "We have been in the saddle since early morning and are cold, tired and hungry. We were told that we would get accommodations if we got to your place." He replied, "It is only a little cabin," but took the oldest of the men into the house and told his wife about the other four. After the old man got off his overcoat and turned to the blazing fireplace, she took the first good look at him and he at her. There was mutual and joyful recognition. It was Father Dickey with whom she had boarded when teaching school in Bureau County before her marriage. His traveling companions were surprised to find the old

man with a cup of coffee and a doughnut, talking most sociably with the pleased looking lady of the house.

These men were returning from an important church meeting at Lewistown: Father Dickey, the venerable minister, his son Lyle Dickey (later Judge Dickey of Ottawa), Elder Eli Smith, John Bryant (brother of William Cullen Bryant, the poet), and Owen Lovejoy, all of Bureau County.

Four of the men slept in two beds, the mother and children in one bed and trundle bed, while Owen Lovejoy and Mr. Stevens lay on a buffalo robe before the fire. After an early breakfast they were started on their way rejoicing, each man with a carefully done up lunch in his overcoat pocket.

It was not an uncommon thing in those days for Mr. Stevens to go twelve, twenty, thirty or forty miles to mill—go with oxen and get mired down, have to carry the grist across the slough on his back, get the oxen and wagon out the best way he could, load up and go on. Nature furnished plenty of wild fruits, berries of all kinds, plums and crab apples, but our pioneer had to give two bushels of good wheat for one gallon of molasses for the children to eat on bread and pancakes. When wheat was 25 cents a bushel, it took a bushel of wheat to pay the postage on a letter. For hundreds of bushels of good wheat hauled to Peoria he got but 30 cents per bushel—later hauling wheat to Chicago and getting 50 cents, bringing back lumber, laths and all supplies. For corn in the ear they got 7 cents—almost no market for potatoes.

Soon after locating in Princeville Mr. Stevens set out an orchard and began preparations for building his frame house. The heavy timbers for the frame of this were hewed in the timber and the siding was sawed from the black walnut logs, hauled by oxen to Prince's mill on Spoon River. The flooring was also sawed from ash and oak logs at the same mill. The family moved into the house in 1839 and lived there for two years before it was plastered. Part of the materials for plastering were brought from Chicago, but as Mr.

Coburn wanted to get his hotel in shape for business, Mr. Stevens let him have it. The next supply went to complete plastering the church. As Mrs. Stevens said, it would help more people that way.

From the first a liberal plan was pursued to induce those who would make desirable citizens to locate here, offering a lot of their own selection to build on to the first storekeeper; also to artisans of any kind. The first store was kept by a young man, Elisha Morrow. He not only got the lot, but Mr. Stevens cut and hauled for siding black walnut logs to Prince's sawmill on Spoon River. The water was too low to run the saw except a little while mornings. As was customary in those days all the men in the neighborhood were asked to come to the raising, and the dinner on this occasion, a good and bountiful one, was furnished by Mr. Stevens. He neglected, however, to pass around the demijohn, which was a very unusual and unpopular omission on such an occasion. He substituted for this hot coffee. The store completed, some boards supported by the sugar barrel at one end and the salt barrel at the other, did service as a counter. There was not a very large assortment of dry goods, though quite enough for the place and time. Nails, coffee, molasses, a little tea and sugar, files for the prairie plow, powder and shot and tobacco, were the principal articles needed in those days, as every woman spun, wove and made the clothing for her own family. Young Morrow kept store about four years, but trade was not rushing enough to suit him. He came a beardless boy of seventeen with a capital of less than \$200.00 and went away four years later with \$2,000.00. He was afterwards senator from Wisconsin and worth half a million dollars.

Ebenezer Russell, the first blacksmith, got a lot on which to erect his shop; a lot was given to William Coburn on which he built and kept a hotel. Lots were given to the Presbyterian, Methodist and Christian churches, the stone school house and others.

The brick oven built in Mr. Stevens' new frame house, proved a neighborhood convenience as well as a

family comfort. Such savory, steaming, appetizing odors as used to come from that brick oven when Mrs. Stevens had her semi-weekly baking days! It was a combination of everything tempting to the palate. It furnished opportunity for baking for extra occasions to many neighbors, and Mrs. Greenfield and Mrs. Eastman, daughters of Stephen French, baked their wedding cakes in that capacious oven.

While active in securing home comforts and improvements, Mr. Stevens looked beyond the home and saw much to be done for the community and especially for the children. They must have schools—he had not forgotten the hunger for an education of his own boyhood, and later his activity in securing the means for building the first Princeville Academy was an expression of his interest in the education of youth. He believed that the church and the school should go hand in hand in the upbuilding of a community, and was always ready to contribute liberally for this purpose. He was always interested in the progress and prosperity of the people and especially desired that the ruling influences should be along intellectual and moral lines.

Patriotism was one of the cardinal principles of his own life and faithfully instilled into the minds of his children. He made it a part of his religion and when the supreme test of loyalty to country came, three of his sons responded “Here am I,” serving in the Union army with credit and one laid down his life for the cause in the assault on Vicksburg May 22, 1863.

Of his seven children but two are now living; one daughter, Maria Foster, died in early womanhood. There are twenty-three grandchildren, forty-four great grandchildren and six great-great-grandchildren, seventy-five in all.

It is due that what a man does well should be remembered to his credit. This is simple justice. May whatever of good was accomplished by this conscientious and faithful pioneer live long for the benefit of this community.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY WM. C. STEVENS.

(Showing his careful English, and characteristic use of long words.)

Prineeville, Nov. 18/53.

Miss M. Cutler

Dear Madam

Your very kind & unexpected letter to Mrs. S. was duly reed pr last mail. As you anticipated, it found her too much pressed with business to allow her a leisurable opportunity of answering you as promptly as she desires, and as she thinks you deserve. Agreeably, too, to your own suggestion, I therefore undertake the very agreeable office of responding to your very agreeable communication.

Add to the multiplicity of more than imaginary cares, or mere fancied duties, taxing the still assiduous attention of wife her health is perhaps not as good now as when you was last with us; at all events, she is now utterly unable to perform as much hard work as she was then in the habit of performing. Our daughter M. for the last 18 months, therefore, has had to relieve her mother of most the heavier work of the family, and which I am happy to say she had dispatched with very approveable resolution. Meanwhile, little Hannah, as I call her, has been kept pretty constantly at school, & is making gratifying progress in every branch of learning thus far taken in hand. Through this fall season the children have all been attending two evenings every week a very good & efficient Singing-school—they are in hopes of enjoying the privilege still on through the winter. The girls take lessons of the same teacher upon a melodion, which I have purchased for them. And although they have made as yet no advance towards a graceful skill in this pleasing Art, yet we think they already afford us some earnest of ultimate success.

With regard to Wm. whether he has been the happy subject of a Saving Change, or not, we can hardly satisfactorily determine. We cherish some hopes—we indulge many fears.

There are noticeable among and around us very reconcileable material Improvements. In this respect we ourselves have measureably participated with our neighbours. During the past year our village has sustained & enjoyed the advantages of, two very satisfactory & constant schools—The Select or private, taught by a Miss Rogers sister of Elizabeth; the district, by a young gent. from O. Schools in neighbourhoods around, seem rather to have deteriorated than advanced—competent teachers are not now as numerous as when you was here. Should you return you have not signified whether it would be your desire to teach—We take it for granted, however, that you would not utterly decline this most useful vocation. Assuredly such services are much needed all around us. Others, incomparably less competent than yourself, readily find employment at good wages. It is true in this, as well as in other business, empiricks are sometimes best patronised.

Your proposition to Mrs. S. of returning to Ill. and making a home with us, rec'd her favourable consideration, with the readily expressed hopes that on the one hand you would find it quite as comfortable and satisfactory as formerly, & on the other, she did not see but what you would have it in your power easily & satisfactorily to reciprocate the favor.

Should you intend coming right on this fall, please lose no time in advising us, & letting us know whether you want a school during the ensuing winter.

I have not time to write more—only to tender our cordial respects and that of family—wife in particular to you and yours.

from your obt Servt

Wm. C. Stevens.

REMINISCENCES OF WM. C. STEVENS.

Peoria Journal, Dec. 1, 1884.

From Scrap-book of Mrs. Esther R. Auten.

Early Reminiscences of the Founder of the Town—The Origin of the Name—Facts of General Interest.

Princeville, Ill., December 1, 1884.—While strolling about this pleasant little town, viewing its busy streets and comfortable residences, it was the fortune of the Journal reporter to meet William C. Stevens, a prominent citizen and really the founder of the town. He was to Princeville what Romulus was to Rome or Queen Dido to Carthage. He is now a man considerably past four score years; yet he walks with a firm step, possesses a remarkable memory—especially in regard to names and dates, and is familiar with every detail of the earliest history of Princeville. When asked the origin of its euphonious name, and something about its first settlement, he replied: * * * * (The part omitted is largely quoted a few pages back in the sketch written by Mrs. Moody and Mrs. Hutchins.) * * * * “I also went into business, keeping a general stock, and William Coburn started soon afterward. He soon got himself a farm a mile east of town, and became a permanent settler. His family still lives here, but he volunteered to go into the war at the age of 60 and joined Davidson’s Peoria Battery. He died with smallpox in the latter part of 1863 at New Orleans. He was the second postmaster here, Stephen French being the first. I had to do most of the business of the office during Mr. French’s term, and part of it for Mr. Coburn, as he was living on his farm and could not attend to it. I next became postmaster and performed the duties of the office for sixteen years, and in 1866 resigned voluntarily, feeling that I had done my part, and realizing that financially it was always an injury to me.

“The first teacher of winter school we ever had was Theodore F. Hurd, who subsequently became the

representative from this district and Stark. He was then living at Lafayette, Ill. After him, Solomon S. Cornwell taught the school. He now lives about four miles west of Princeville and owns a farm of 800 acres. He is the father of Charlie Cornwell, a young lawyer of Peoria. An academy was built here in 1857—the building now known as Fuller's store. It was 24 x 36 and two stories, and considered a good building for those days. It ran successfully until silenced by the war. The ablest teachers Princeville ever saw were employed, boys being fitted for college in several instances. This was the first academy built in the county. I personally obtained every dollar of the money to build it with, by subscription, giving between two and three hundred dollars myself, besides furnishing the lots. The academy cost \$1,600.00 in those cheap times, and \$207.00 only remained due to the lumber firm of Anderson & Proctor, in Peoria, when the last nail was driven. This I became personally responsible for, asking that I might be notified six months before they wanted it. Nine years afterward I asked for the bill, which had then amounted to about \$400.00, and paid it. Many have wondered that this place was not named Stevensville, and I'll tell you why it was not. I read in the scriptures that the worldling calls his lands after his own name, so I made up my mind not to do so. I wanted first a new name under the sun—one never heard of before; second, a name that would look well on paper; third, one that was easily spoken; and, fourth, one that would be connected with pleasant and agreeable associations. In the name of Princeville I fancied I had all of these qualifications, and consequently chose it above all others. Some other time I will tell you more of early days in this neck of the woods. You can't guess my age, so I'll tell you that I am nearer eighty-eight than eighty-seven, and feel very bright for a man so old."

THE MOODY FAMILY.

By Miss Rie Henry, 1907.

Ira Moody was born in Sandisfield, Mass., October 18, 1795. His father, a sailor, died when on one of his voyages, leaving a wife and three children. Ira and his mother lived with his uncle, his mother's brother, a Presbyterian minister. Ira was in his fifth year and as he grew old enough to work, was employed on a farm near Sandisfield. When 21, or a few years after, he walked from Massachusetts to Ohio, in search of a better opportunity for making a start in life. Satisfying himself of the advantages of Ohio as a farming country, he returned to Massachusetts for his mother. He bought a tract of land in the forest, cleared it and became the possessor of a good farm of 100 acres.

In 1823 he was married to Ann Maria Reaves, a native of New Jersey. They remained in Ohio until 1839, when he brought his family to Illinois, traveling with horses and two wagons. Seven children were born in Ohio, Oliver, Amy, Henry, Ira, Julia, Talleyrand and Reaves.

They were not alone in their journey, for now and then a new wagon would be added to the train till there became a long line of them. When they reached the eastern part of Illinois the creeks were very wide, veritable swamps, and the only way to cross them was to hitch one team behind the other. The line was so long that when the first team had reached the farther side the last one was only starting. After a journey of five weeks they reached Peoria County where they located on Section 4, Princeville Township. He broke and improved eighty acres of land and remained there till his death in 1882, being 87 years old.

His wife died in 1861. She was known as a splendid nurse and would go anywhere when called upon to care for the sick. In these days we wonder how one with a large family, as every one had then, could

think of losing one moment of her own time to help others, when we remember that besides the regular housework she spun and wove all the cloth needed for clothing and bedding.

Ira Moody was not a large man, of medium height and build but with a strong constitution and good health of which he was careful. He was temperate in all things; would rise at an early hour, work hard all day and in the evening enjoyed taking his chair out on the lawn where it was cool; but however warm the evening, he never neglected to add another garment, usually a jacket. He preferred to walk rather than ride if he wished to go to town or to a neighbor's, and he had a system in walking. He would say, "Never go from side to side of the road to find a smooth path, it takes time and strength, but walk straight ahead over rough places and through mud and water if necessary." He was a good marksman, could shoot a prairie chicken on the wing with a rifle when 70 years old. He took an active part in educational affairs, holding some of the school offices, and was township treasurer for some years.

He was the father of ten children, those before mentioned and Mary (Mattie), Charlotte and Nathan. The last two died in childhood and were buried in Princeville cemetery. Oliver, a prominent citizen of Princeville and vicinity, and often in public offices, afterwards lived in Chicago. His wife, still living, was Mary Stevens, and they had ten children. Sarah died in childhood, and Ella, wife of Dr. T. E. Alyea, died some fifteen years ago. The others, well known to many here, are Mrs. Fannie Tucker, Mrs. Julia Klineck, Oliver, Henry, John, Melville, Mrs. Maude Quinn and Miss Vinnie.

Oliver Moody's brothers, Henry, Ira and Reaves, better known as "Cap," were among those who went west in search of gold in 1847-51 with ox teams, their trip covering a period of three months. Henry and Ira married in the west, and there are some children

of each living in the west. Reaves died in the gold country, a bachelor, while still young.

Amy married William Davis and died rather young, leaving five children. Her youngest son, Henry Davis, was raised by his Uncle Tall, and was here on a visit from Nebraska last winter. The other Davis children were Mrs. Lois Camp (now deceased), Mrs. Charlotte Cottrill of Missouri, and Theodore and George of Kansas.

Mary (or Mattie) went to Oregon to visit Henry and Ira, and while there met and married a Mr. Wm. H. James.

Julia (Mrs. John Henry) lives in Princeville, and her children are Albert in Houston, Texas, Bruce on the home place. Miss Rie, Mrs. Blanche Sheelor of Galesburg, Miss Julia, Sherman T. of Monica, and Mrs. Sadie Cornish, besides three, Emily, Carlisle and Mabel, who died when young.

Talleyrand or "Tall" has the distinction of having lived on the same section longer than any other man in Princeville Township, sixty-seven years. His children are Mrs. Miranda Graves of Duncan, Mrs. Anna White and Miss Stella.

Tall and Julia, Mrs. John Henry, are the only members of the original family surviving.

TWO LETTERS.

One from Ethan Moody (father of Ira Moody) written to his wife before embarking on his last sea voyage; and the other from Silas Jones, breaking to Mrs. Moody the news of her husband's death.

New London, Nov. 16th, 1799.

Dear M'am:

I avail myself of the opportunity of writing to you to let you know that I am in good health and spirits, hoping that you are all enjoying the same blessing, and that I like the business as well as I expected. We arrived in this harbor Saturday evening, having been a week from Middletown. The captain, second mate and all the hands are as agreeable companions as I

could wish. (Here something referring to the first mate seems to have been written and then scratched out.) None escaped being dam'd by him, but we expect when his brother comes on board there will be an alteration. He is hated by all the ship's crew. We expect to sail the last of the week in company with the new ship Yankee of Middletown of sixteen six-pounders and several other vessels, as there is near twenty sail about ready for sea. In the sound we met Mr. Deming, he having made a good and short voyage.

Nov. 20. This day Mr. Robbins arrived and informs me that you are well which gave me joy. I am as hearty as I wish to be and my old heels haven't troubled me at all. I live very well, have tea or coffee twice a day if we have a mind for it, besides oysters and clams. We shall sail by Saturday I expect and perhaps by a Friday. This day seven vessels sailed for the West Indies. The ship Yankee will not be ready so soon as we are. Abijah Woodhouse is as big a scoundrel as ever lived. We had twenty-four gallons of rum put on board at Middletown for vessel's use and he has given most part away with what he has drinkt, but the owners are determined to have the second mate take his place. His name is Ebenezer Butler of Rocky Hill, as good a fellow as ever lived. The Captain did not come around with us. He is a nice man. I have sent an almanac by Robbins. The reason that Remington did not come was the ill usage he received from Woodhouse. You need not entertain fears concerning my treatment, for I have no doubt but that I shall be used well, and as for my return I must leave to that kind providence who is the protector of all mankind.

My compliments to all friends and I conclude subscribing myself

Your affectionate husband,

Ethan Moody.

Baltimore, March 22nd, 1800.

Dear Madam:

I am very sorry that I have to inform you of the death of your affectionate husband. He took passage with me on board the Schooner Swan, at St. Thomas bound to Turks Islands, and from there to Boston, but after we arrived in Turks Islands he was taken down very sick with a putrid fever. The 17th day of February we sailed from Turks Islands for Boston and then I thought he was in fair way for recovery. But after we got at sea he began to get worse and three days after we sailed he expired, which being the 20th day of February at five in the morning. I had his body buried in as decent a way as I could after I had read prayers over him. In his sickness we paid the best attention to him we could. Dear madam, I am very sorry for your loss, but I hope you will bear it with Christian fortitude and consider that we have got a great Being that rules over us that will never take us hence without he thinks it is right and then we must obey his summons. Dear madam, I hope you will not take it too hard but consider Mr. Moody is clear of a troublesome world and I make no doubt but he is much happier than he was here, for I never saw anything in him but what was upright and steady, and think he cannot be miserable hereafter. I hope this example of God's providence will put us all in mind that in a short time we must follow your affectionate husband. I and all my crew expected to have had to follow Mr. Moody when our vessel was sinking, but Providence ordered it so that we got relief at the last moment by a vessel taking us off. So I remain, dear madam, with respect and esteem.

Your friend and obedient servant,
Silas Jones.

WILLIAM HOUSTON AND FAMILY.

By Henry C. Houston, 1907.

Among the names entitled to recognition as Princeville pioneers are those of William Houston and his wife Sarah (Chase) Houston, who left New Hampshire the latter part of September, 1843, arriving in Princeville on Thanksgiving day of that year. This journey of nearly 1500 miles, as the roads were then laid out, was made with team and covered wagon, requiring fifty-seven days to make the trip. The late Mr. and Mrs. Simon P. Chase were their traveling companions. Compare this journey, the time occupied, and discomforts, with the present day "Twentieth Century Limited" with its parlor, dining and sleeping car accommodations, which now spans this distance in a trifle over one day. William Houston was great grandson of Rev. Robert Houston, who emigrated to this country from Londonderry, Ireland, as pastor of a colony chartered by the King of England. This colony located upon a land grant from the King, which gave them a tract twelve miles square, somewhere on the East shore of the Connecticut River in what is now the State of New Hampshire.

Mr. Houston was born in Temple, N. H., February, 1815, being the ninth child of John and Ann Houston. At the age of 16 he started out into the world to earn his own living. For a few years he worked on a farm; later he worked in the stone quarries, getting out material for foundations of the great cotton mills of Lowell. Reports of the opportunities which the then far West offered to young men of limited means, led to a decision to emigrate to the Prairie State. On September 25th, 1842, he was united in marriage with Sarah Chase (she being a niece of the late Wm. C. Stevens) and a few days later they started on the journey Westward to the land that was to be their future home.

Three years after coming to Illinois they bought the farm on which the Akron town house stands, which they improved and which was their home for over fifty years, the home in which both died. Mrs. Houston died May, 1899, her husband following her in December, 1901. Their bodies now rest from their labors in the beautiful cemetery Northwest of our Village. To them were born three sons, Henry C. residing half a mile from the old homestead; William A. living near Allerton, Iowa; and Charles S. who was born and has spent his life thus far on the home farm. During the early years they experienced the usual hardships, privations and the practice of rigid economy incident to those times. Theirs was the experience of the average early settler,—nothing striking or of public interest. It was their effort to meet and discharge the daily duties or heroically to meet the disappointments and trials of pioneer life. Their hearts and homes were ever open to the belated traveler, and their sympathy and services were promptly and heartily given to any fellow pioneer in sorrow or distress. They were a part of that grand army whose strength of head, heart and hand was given to develop the territory now included in this association.

SIMON P. CHASE AND FAMILY.

By Mrs. S. C. Eldred, 1907.

The first paternal ancestor of Simon P. Chase in America, was Aquila Chase, who with his brother Thomas emigrated from Chesham, England in 1639 (a brother William coming nine years prior), settling first at Hampton, Mass., later removing to Newbury and Sutton; great-grandsons migrating to the Connecticut River settled on a tract of new land and laid out the town of Cornish, N. H.

The lineal descent of this branch of the family in America is as follows: Aquila (1), Moses (2), Daniel

(3), Samuel (4), Samuel (5), Peter (6), Peter (7), Simon Peter (8) (the ancestry of Mrs. Sarah Chase Houston being the same). Simon P. (8) Chase was the son of Peter (7) Chase and Martha Stevens, his wife; he was born in Cornish, N. H., January 28th, 1812; was married at Orange, N. H., April 1st, 1838, to Miss Ann Houston, daughter of John Houston and Ann Moore, his wife, of Temple, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase and little daughter Martha in company with Mr. and Mrs. William Houston removed to Illinois in 1842 and shortly after bought land two and one-half miles East of Princeville and built a cabin home.

Three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Chase, two daughters and a son; the daughters are Mrs. Martha A. Harbaugh of Red Oak, Iowa, and Mrs. Sarah C. Eldred of Roseville, Illinois; the son, Mr. Philander H. Chase, a well known citizen of this community, resided during his life on the farm where he was born; he died March 5, 1899. Mr. Simon Chase passed from this earthlife January 9, 1870, and his wife five years later, all of whom were laid to rest in the Princeville Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase early united with the Presbyterian Church of Princeville, which at that time worshipped in the old log school house; they helped according to their ability in the building of the first, and also of the present church edifice, and joined heartily in the rejoicings on the completion and dedication of each. They were faithful in church attendance, and devoted to the interests of Christ's kingdom during life; Mr. Chase being elected to the office of Ruling Elder "ever used said office well." Mrs. Chase, who possessed a good voice for singing and had received training under the best teachers of New England in that day in harmony and sight-reading, used her voice in the service of song in the church, and taught the young people, sometimes meeting them in the "Singing School" held in the Morrow school house and sometimes in her home. A few years later a musical society

was formed and "Sings" or in modern phrase "Musicales" were held in the homes of music-loving families, which were a source of culture as well as social pleasure to the young people.

In 1852 Mr. Chase bought a piece of land near by on which was a more commodious house; into this the family moved from the cabin home, and in the vacated cabin the first public school in District No. 5, Akron Township, was held in the winter of 1852-3, Miss Sarah Farwell being the teacher.

The privations and difficulties incident to pioneer life of that day, such as failure of crops, prairie fires, bad roads, distance from markets, lack of legal currency or coin (most of the marketing being in the form of barter, a farmer with his produce might supply his family with sugar and shoes, but found it a poor medium with which to pay taxes or postage on letters); all these Mr. Chase encountered with manful courage and patience, saying in facing them, "Well, well, it will be better by and by."

Those early settlers saw many rewards for their privations and arduous toil, in the advancement and development of the country; and may we not say they, under God's guiding hand, helped to "Make the wilderness and solitary place glad for them, and the desert to blossom as the rose, and to rejoice with joy and singing."

THE CORNWELL FAMILY.

By Wm. E. Elliott, 1907.

Solomon S. Cornwell was born in Dutchess County, New York, July 8, 1808. His father, Job Cornwell, was a native of the same county, and was son of Jonathan Cornwell, also of Dutchess County, and a grandson of Lot Cornwell, who was a soldier in the Revolution. The father of Lot Cornwell came from England as an officer

in the English army; but in the beginning of the struggle between the colonists and the mother-country, he left the British Army and cast in his lot with the colonists and fought with them for their freedom. After the war he settled in Dutchess County.

Mr. Cornwell obtained his education in the district schools and in a Quaker school at Mechanicsville, Dutchess County. After leaving school he chose the profession of teaching and was engaged at it about twelve years in Dutchess County, and after that taught in Long Island, and for three years was principal of the schools where he was stationed. In 1837 he went to Monroe County, New York.

In 1838 he came to Illinois, traveling by boat to Cleveland, Ohio, and by canal to the Ohio River to take a boat; but as there were none going down the river at that time, he hired a skiff. After proceeding a short distance, however, he decided he could make better progress on foot, so he walked to the next landing and waited there four days for a boat, and as one did not come he secured a seat on a stage to Indiana, and finally made his way to Springfield, this state. He then shouldered his bundle of clothes and made a trip to the Mississippi River, and back to Farmington in search of a school. All this trip was made on foot. At Farmington he was referred to Princeville. Here he was engaged to teach, which he did in a log school-house (the one southeast of present Rock Island depot) with the most primitive furnishings. He found it hard work as there were among the pupils several large boys who could neither read nor write. He toiled faithfully and made a success of his teaching.

One story that he told, in after years, will interest one of the participants who is here to-day. One of the younger Stevens boys was untractable, when Mr. Cornwell "chucked" him into a barrel that was standing in the log school house. The boy made no disturbance there. After school Mr. Cornwell forgot all about him and was about to lock the door, and all the other scholars were gone, when Mary Stevens rushed at him

like a bear, and said, "No you don't lock my brother in there." Going back they found the little fellow fast asleep in the barrel.

From Princeville Mr. Cornwell went to Fairview, Fulton County, and was engaged in teaching in the academy as its principal and occupied that position for three years.

Mr. Cornwell first settled in Princeville Township on the Northwest quarter of Section 16, where his oldest son was born January 14, 1844. That year he built a house and settled on the Southwest quarter of Section 21, which ever after was his home until, in 1872-73, the large house was built on Section 28. He drew the lumber for his first house from Ellisville, Fulton County, forty miles away, with an ox team.

Mr. Cornwell returned to New York and on May 24, 1842, was married to Miss Emily Munson, a native of Connecticut. To them were born four children: William H. or "Hughes"; Charles A., for many years one of the useful attorneys of Peoria; Julia C. (Mrs. W. E. Elliott); and Adaline D. (Mrs. Hugh Crawford); of whom only Julia (Mrs. Elliott) survives.

Mr. Cornwell platted the Village of Monica on a part of his farm, and it was called "Cornwell" for a time; but later was changed to Monica, because of confusion in the mail with another town of a similar name. His ideals were for a town without liquor, and he inserted a clause in his deeds designed to effectually keep it out. Mr. Cornwell died Oct. 4, 1893, and Mrs. Cornwell on Feb. 3, 1895. Both are buried in the Princeville Cemetery.

THE BELFORD FAMILY.

By George Belford, 1907.

Margium Belford, the subject of this sketch, was born June 6, 1794, in Hampshire County, Virginia. He resided there with his parents until eighteen years of

age when he enlisted in the war of 1812. After the war he settled near Columbus, Ohio. He was married in Ohio and later moved to Peoria, Illinois, with his wife and two small daughters in 1829. Soon after reaching Peoria death entered his family and he was called upon to give up his wife and one little girl. The other daughter grew to womanhood and married Abraham Frye of Richwoods. Mr. Frye died about twelve years ago, and his wife followed him to the "Great Beyond" about six years later.

In 1832 Mr. Belford enlisted in the Black Hawk War which was then threatening our people. After this war he was married to Miss Sarah Orr of Richwoods in 1836. By his second wife he had four children, namely: William, residing on the old homestead; Mrs. Kate Carroll of Ransom, Kansas; Frank of Monica; and George of Princeville. He resided near Brimfield for some time and finally in 1848 he entered, at a dollar and a quarter per acre, from the government, an eighty acre farm three miles north of Brimfield. This is still in the family name, with no transfers except from the other children to William, the present owner. The farm has been his home for fifty-nine years.

It seems wonderful at this time to think of the changes that have taken place. The writer remembers well, when a little boy, going one or two hundred yards from the little sod house, with a dog along for company, and seeing several "buffalo wallows." Here the bleached bones indicated where the American bison, possibly twenty or thirty years before, had got stuck in the mud, or been wounded, and died. The skeletons were undisturbed. Prairie fires had often gone over them—and speaking of prairie fires reminds us of times when a whole township would not sleep. The whole prairie from the Belford farm, which was in the Southeast corner of Millbrook Township, and two miles South of it, off to the Northwest—past where Laura now is, and clear to Rochester—was sometimes a roaring fire, burning off in a night. This was hard on

fences. Back-firing was often resorted to, to save a house or a field of corn. Then speaking of the privations of the period, the writer is reminded of the winter nights shelling corn by hand. Mother had a piece of tin punched full of holes, rounded and tacked onto a slab of wood, over the rough side of which she would draw an ear of corn until two or three rows were shelled out. Then the little fellows took the cobs and finished the shelling, mother always keeping them busy. Quite a few bushels would be shelled in an evening and after a few evenings there would be a load for father to take to Peoria. When the first hand sheller came, it was a bonanza, and no one dreamed then of the modern sheller which the writer of this sketch has been propelling with a steam traction engine for twenty years past; not to speak of the horse power sheller which was in use for twenty years before that. On the same rough tin hand sheller or "grater" the new corn at this time of the year, used to be ground or grated into soft meal for mush.

Father Belford was a typical frontiersman, not educated as the present day goes, but rough and ready and always at home to the traveler. The house always had plenty of room for strangers or movers going across the country, although there was only one room in it. It made no difference if a blizzard kept a large family and horses on their hospitality for a week. No one in those days sent visitors or strangers to the hotel; neither did they send strangers to the livery barn, as horses were one time driven as far as Galesburg for the accommodation of some of these strangers.

Father Belford was accidentally killed by a horse falling on him on July 6, 1870. His wife lived quietly on at the old home for a number of years, but finally on June 8, 1878, she closed her eyes into the sleep which has no waking. Mr. and Mrs. Belford are both buried in the Princeville Cemetery Northwest of town.

REV. ROBERT FINLEY BREESE AND FAMILY.
FIRST PASTOR OF THE PRINCEVILLE
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

By Charles Forrest Cutter, 1907.

The name of the Rev. Robert Breese first appears on the Minutes of Session, March 26, 1843, at, or about which time he entered on his labors in this church. He had as his particular charge the Church of Princeville and Rochester, between which he divided his time. In this field he continued to labor until the time of his death, which occurred September 2, 1851. This, so far as is known, was his first and only field of labor. He was in regular connection with the Presbytery of Peoria and in good repute with his Ministerial Brethren. During his ministry here he resided a part of his time in this village (Princeville), and part of the time in Rochester, where he died. His remains, as also those of his wife, repose in the Princeville Cemetery. A good head-stone of Italian marble marks their resting place. They sleep in Jesus.

“The graves of all his saints be blest.” “They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.”

Mr. Breese was a man sound in the faith, zealous for the truth and faithful in his ministry. He has left behind him an enduring memorial.

Mrs. Breese, a woman highly respected and valued for her many ladylike and Christian qualities, devoted much of her time to the noble cause of Christian education in which work she was largely successful. The comparative high grade of education in this neighborhood is clearly traceable to her zealous and self denying labors. There are many who will rise up and call her blessed. She was a pupil of Misses Lyon and Grant at Ipswich, Mass., and seems to have caught much of their genial and high-toned spirit. Mr. Breese was a graduate of South Hanover College, Ind., and of the Alleg.

Theological Seminary. He possessed a respectable library and is known to have expended much labor upon his sermons. A specimen of his sermons is preserved in the appendix to the "Session" Register of the Princeville Presbyterian Church. Their home in Princeville was the house now occupied by Willard Bennett and family, which is still sometimes called the Breese property.

Mrs. Hannah Cutter Breese was born August 2, 1807, in the Cutter home of Pelham, N. H., and was both a first pupil and later a preceptress in the famous Ipswich Academy. In 1840, in the prime of life, with a good education and much experience in teaching, she came to Illinois, taught in Macomb (where in 1841 she and her home missionary beloved were married), taught on in Rushville, in Princeville, 1843 or '44 (where her youngest brother, Dr. Charles Cutter of Harvard College and the Massachusetts Hospital, Boston, had settled), and, about 1846, she began the well known Seminary twelve miles west of here in old Rochester.

Hannah Cutter's ability showed itself so early, when thirteen, that one incredulous teacher declared an essay my aunt handed in in verse to be a theft. She answered by putting in his desk, the next morning before school, an acrostic on his name that opened not only his eyes but also those of her family and friends.

Thirty-five years ago one of her biographers wrote thus: "Of sterling worth and masculine energy, of uncommon literary attainments, many a noble woman owes her strength of character to Mrs. Breese's teaching and training." Men and women still live who remember their home being moved to Rochester that they might be trained in the Breese Seminary.

Mrs. Breese survived her husband less than a year, till April 25, 1852. The children were David, a Union soldier, starved in a Texas prison; Joanna, 1847-49; and a pair of twin boys, Ambrose and Robert Finley, the last named still living in this state.

If, as Socrates said, "It is better to write on the hearts of living men than on the skins of dead sheep," then this pioneer couple in their too short lives of evangelistic work and Christian education are worthy examples for youth to-day.

Note 1. Mr. Breese was licensed by the Presbytery of Madison June 27, 1838.

Note 2. During his last hours Mr. Breese was partially deranged; but at lucid moments he expressed his full and unshaken confidence in God's covenant mercy.

Note 3. Mrs. Breese, during her last illness, gave very decisive and satisfactory evidence of Christian faith and hope. It may well be said of her "To live was Christ, to die was gain."

Her diary gives many signal proofs of her close self-inspection and of her devotion to her chosen work.

She has left specimens of poetry which evince no small degree of literary taste and genius.

Note 4. The "Massachusetts Teacher" of 185—contains an extended biography of Mrs. Breese, under the title, "The Ardent Scholar and Benevolent Teacher."

REV. ROBERT CAMERON, AND DAUGHTER. MISS AGNES CAMERON.

By Louis Auten, 1907.

Reverend Cameron has said that it was through the direction of Divine Providence that he came to this community, and no one who has been acquainted with him and the good he has done here thinks differently.

It was in the hopes of regaining his health, and prolonging his life, and to place his daughters in the family of their oldest brother Peter, who lived at Henry, Illinois, that Robert Cameron came to America from near Glasgow, Scotland, in 1842, with his two daughters Agnes and Annie. The daughter Annie was mar-

ried soon after coming to America, so the father and one daughter lived alone with each other until his death.

They made their home in New Jersey for nine and one-half years when they came to this community, going from New York to Buffalo by canal, and from Buffalo to Chicago by lake steamer, the whole trip taking about two weeks. The family had engaged passage on the steamer "James Griffith," but a break in a canal lock delayed them so they missed their boat, and on that very trip the "James Griffith" was burned and all the passengers lost. Mr. Cameron saw in this delay another instance of the intervention of the Divine Providence in which he had so much faith. The father and daughter intended to make their home at Racine, Wisconsin, but came to this community first to see an old friend, Mr. Buchanan, who lived Northwest of here, and as Mr. Cameron saw great need of his services here, they stayed and made this their home. Their first Princeville home was with Alexander Buchanan and family in a little frame building that stood where Mrs. Shane's house now is. They lived there for only a short time, after which they made their home with different ones of his parishioners.

For a year and a half Mr. Cameron assisted Rev. Breese in his charge, but on the death of the pastor, the charge was given to Rev. Cameron. He preached his first sermon in Princeville on his birthday, July 7, 1852, and preached three times every Sunday, almost until the time of his death. He founded a church at West Princeville, and walked over there every Sunday afternoon and then walked back to preach his evening sermon here. His Princeville church was a small frame building that stood where Cheesman's store now is. He conducted the first Thanksgiving service ever held in Princeville, and contrary to the expectations of some of his friends who advised him not to undertake it, the church was crowded.

Though Mr. Cameron's object in coming to America was partly to be in the home of his eldest son, he was

never able to accomplish this, as the son was drowned on a log raft in the Illinois River about the time the family came to America, and it was six years before they could find out what had become of him, or if he were still living. Many of the older people still speak of Reverend Cameron. They remember him as a small white haired, frail man, old beyond his years, feebly walking to his scattered charges, and preaching at times when he was so exhausted that he could not stand. He worked beyond all human endurance and died an old man at the age of sixty-seven.

Agnes Cameron, or as she was known to all her acquaintances, "Auntie Cameron," has lived alone since her father's death thirty-three years ago, and is now at the age of eighty-three, keeping house for herself; waited on to some extent by kind neighbors, but more than repaying all that is done for her, by the warmth of the love which she bestows on her friends.

THE DEBORD FAMILY.

By Louis Auten, 1907.

Believing that a new country offered greater possibilities for a young man of twenty-one, than his own, Reuben R. Debord left Kentucky in the fall of 1839 for Princeville where an old friend of his, John Miller, had established his home. Mr. Debord traveled this distance on horseback and alone, and on his arrival at Mr. Miller's he owned less than a dollar in money, and no property except his horse and the clothes he wore. He made his home with Mr. Miller, who lived in a cabin one mile north and about four and a half miles west of Princeville, worked for his board, and broke some land for himself. At a large religious meeting conducted by Bishop Chase in the grove (Princeville) at the cabin school house, he met Miss Julia Ann Hall, to whom he was married in 1843.

Miss Hall was also a pioneer, having come to Princeville in the winter of 1840, with her mother and brothers and sisters. Her oldest brother, Warren, who had been head of the household for several years, came to Princeville in 1837, and deciding to make this his home, he had a wagon made, and sent one of his neighbors, Reeves Sherman, back to Ohio to bring the family. The wagon was loaded with bedding, a table, one or two chairs, and the head and foot pieces of a bedstead, and the family started in January for Illinois. There were ten in the company, of whom three were quite young, so the older ones had to walk. Julia was fourteen years of age, but young as she was, she walked practically all the way from Ohio to Illinois. They traveled every day, but always timed their progress so that they never had to spend a night in the open, but always slept at some house or hotel. They took food with them, and on their arrival at their stopping places they prepared their meal in the kitchen, and made up a large bed with their own bedding, on the floor. There were no bridges at that time, and the rivers presented difficulties, but the movers were usually able to cross on flat-boats or ferries, though at times they had to unload their wagon and swim the horses over, and take their bedding and furniture in canoes. They arrived at Princeville in March, tired but in good spirits, and made their home in a cabin which stood where Sam Morrow now lives. The next year they moved to Shiloh, or, as it is known today, the Belltree neighborhood, where Julia lived until her marriage.

Mr. Debord and Miss Hall were married at her home in Shiloh by Squire Tucker. They kept house in the same cabin with George I. McGinnis about a mile and a half north of Princeville, until Mr. Debord built for himself. They had eleven children, all of whom are living, and six of them still reside in this vicinity. Mrs. Debord says with commendable pride, "I have eleven children and they are all living; they have always had enough to eat, they have all gone to school, and I haven't one to spare." This is certainly a re-

markable record, and it speaks well for the ability of these pioneer parents who were able to do for so large a family. We of a younger generation wonder how our forefathers managed to make a living, and how our grandmothers were able to do all the housework, without our modern conveniences. But Mrs. Debord says: "Yes, we were busy then, but we didn't have as much to do as the women do now. A one room cabin was not hard to keep clean, and it was no task at all to dust the furniture. We had to make our own clothes, but each garment lasted us several years, and there was not much washing and ironing." Mr. Debord was a farmer and stock raiser all his life. He was a good judge of stock and of land, careful of his expenditures and investments, and moderate in his manner of living. This was the secret of the success of the family, they were contented and satisfied with what they had, and so what they had was enough; and who will doubt but what they were as happy as any family that stayed in its more comfortable Eastern home?

The children are as follows, in the order of their birth: William H., Charles W., Henry A., Emily now Mrs. George Gladfelter, Frank, A. Burke, George Frederick, Mary now Mrs. Hurd, Ella M. now Mrs. Elroy Wear, Hattie, and Clara now Mrs. Sanford. Six of these are still living in this vicinity, three are in Missouri, one in Iowa, and one in California. All married except Hattie who lives with her mother and is still single. Of those residing near here, the three men Henry, Frank and Burke, are engaged in farming and stock raising.

Reuben R. Debord died in 1891 at the age of seventy-three, but his wife is still living—loved and respected by her eleven children, thirty-three grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. Her days of activity perhaps are passed, but not her days of usefulness, for as long as she lives she will be a help and an inspiration to all who know her.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT PRINCEVILLE IN 1844.

Princeville Telephone, July 2, 1885.

Written by Mrs. Esther R. Auten.

This celebration was an impromptu affair, the first we have any account of, and no preparation whatever was made for it till that very morning. We will first name the people who lived here then and describe the town. Wm. C. Stevens, Benjamin Slane, Ashford Nixon, Ebenezer Russell, Dr. Charles Cutter, Hiel Bouton, Geo. McMillen, Sam'l Alexander, Seth Fulton, and a few others were its sole inhabitants. The Blanchard's, Auten's and Bliss's were here then, but lived a few miles in the country. The Henry's, Mr. Owens and George Hitchcock were not here as yet. Mr. Stevens lived where he always did, north of the public square. Mr. Russell lived where the American House now stands. Dr. Cutter lived in a little red house in the Hitchcock block. 'Squire Slane lived down South of where the flouring mill stood. Hiel Bouton is the only citizen now living who remains on the same old place, North of the Stevens block.

All the children in the town and surrounding country went to school in a log cabin that stood in the edge of the grove South and West of Daniel Hitchcock's residence. When Mrs. Olive Cutter was teacher, there were seventy scholars to pack away in it. Belle Russell and Kate Clussman used to take classes out in the grove and hear them recite under booths manufactured of hickory, elm and oak boughs and saplings. Solomon Cornwell was teacher at one time, and some large bad boys, who had run two or three teachers off, commenced their performances. One day he jerked one of them up before the fire place, and said to him: "By the gods, I'll throw you on that fire if you don't behave yourself." The fellow was so thoroughly scared he

never gave any more trouble. The boys used to climb tall, slim trees and bend them over for a swing. One day they got hold of a stiff one. The boys slipped off, and John McGinnis was thrown off in the air, landed on a log, and came off with a broken thigh.

On this glorious Fourth the sun rose without a cloud. People were astir early, as the men were going to Peoria to a celebration there, and to hear a distinguished speaker whose name we failed to learn. At about 7:30 a. m. the four horse teams began to come in, and in a few minutes some six or eight wagons were loaded and started off for Peoria. The women and children collected at the four corners North of Hitchcock's Hall to see them off, and as the procession rode away and the good-byes were said, some one said: "Why can't we have a celebration?" A consultation was held immediately and the matter was soon decided. Everyone promised to bring something for dinner, and Mrs. Russell's large kitchen was selected as the place to dine. Mrs. Sloan and Mrs. Wm. Coburn were sent for a mile East of town, where they were neighbors, to come and help celebrate. Children were sent West of town to pick raspberries.

For a flag, Dr. Cutter, who was the only man left in town, and the children manufactured one with neither stripes nor stars, and nailed it to a fence post near Russell's house.

The supplies began to come in at about one o'clock, and dinner was served at two. There were ten or twelve grown persons and about twenty-five children present. The Doctor made a speech of congratulation after dinner, and it was found that there were some sixteen or eighteen varieties of food provided, and enough was left to feed another company as large. The afternoon was spent in having a social good time, and instead of a day of loneliness, as might have been expected, it proved one that never has been forgotten by those who participated in its pleasures.

LETTER FROM MRS. SARAH B. ANDREWS.

Hanford, Calif., Sept. 8, 1908.

To the Old Settlers Association of Princeville,
Greetings:

Having been invited by a member of your association to write something of a reminiscent nature for this meeting. I comply in the hope that the genuine love in my heart for Princeville and Princevillians may atone, in some measure, for the uninteresting manner in which it may be written.

Born and reared within three miles of Princeville and living there all my life, except the three years spent in California, is it any wonder there is not and never can be any other spot half so dear? My first recollection of Princeville is going there one time with my father and mother to attend a funeral, Aunt Susan Debolt's mother's. I think I must have been five or six years old at that time. I remember a very large and crooked tree standing very near the road, about where Lute Blanchard now lives, and bending so far over the road, I thought it would surely fall upon us. I wonder if any of the others remember that tree. It stood a number of years after that.

Also I remember of attending school in the old stone school-house when Mrs. Dr. Cutter taught and of the "scraps" we little girls used to have with Charlie Cutter who was an inveterate tease; also of attending church in the same stone school-house. Later memories of the dear old Academy days with Prof. Stone and wife, Prof. Means and others at the helm are still cherished, and I think many of the Old Settlers will never forget the old Methodist Church when in the early Sixties so many of our best young men responded so nobly to our country's call to arms; and then, too, who of us could forget the sad, sad days which followed when from the old Christian Church we paid our last

tribute of respect and honor to Capt. French, Charlie Stevens, Charlie Alter and others.

Ah, those days were fraught with memories, never to be forgotten, and although a good many decades have passed since then they are ever fresh in our memories, and will go with us thro life and help to forge the chain which binds us so indissolubly together. I have so often wished the Old Settlers Picnic Association might have been formed before we left for California's sunny clime, but as it was not, we still rejoice with you in the happiness which comes to you through this medium and, in spirit, extend the "glad hand" to each member of the Association. I see in the last Telephone you have lost one member since your last meeting: perhaps many more, I do not know of. I speak of Maud Charles Hull for whom many of us cherish very tender memories.

Last winter a year ago, while in Spokane, Wash., I had the pleasure of meeting with Morris Smith and his good wife Emma and also Mr. Simpson. We talked much of Princeville friends and of how we could enjoy the Old Settlers Picnic. Also met young Dr. Hutchins, Hannah Stevens Hutchins' son, and he read me his mother's letter telling of the picnic as she was there. These meetings with old friends in strange lands are like the perfume of sweetest flowers. The "Illinois Contingency" in Hanford number 26 and are all well and apparently happy. The oldest one, Grandma Blanchard, who is almost 83, seems to be renewing her youth, but often speaks longingly of the old home.

With best wishes for a pleasant time Sept. 17th, I remain,

Sarah B. Andrews.

THE CHRISTIAN MILLER FAMILY.

By Louis Auten, 1908.

One of the largest families that ever made their home in this neighborhood was the Miller family. Christian Miller, born in Hamburg, Germany, came to America when he was 16 years of age, and settled at Hamptonsville, N. C. He was married to Araminta Whitehead, of Irish descent. They made their home in North Carolina for many years, and there were born ten children. Katherine and Mary, who remained in North Carolina; and John, Daniel, James, Barbara, Henry, Christian, Araminta, and Lydia, who moved with their parents to Kentucky. Barbara was married to a Mr. Brown, and remained in Kentucky, but the rest of the family moved after 8 years to Illinois, stopping a short time in Indiana. It was in the fall of 1837 that the Millers, 13 of them, reached Princeville township. They made the trip in two covered wagons, each drawn by four horses. Besides their horses they brought chickens from Kentucky, and eight milk cows, and it is related that when crossing the Illinois River on the ferry at Lacon one of the cows that had horns forced a "mooley" cow off the ferry into the river, but to the relief of the family she swam about a mile and a half and landed safely far down the river.

Having left Kentucky to get land that was more open for farming, but wanting plenty of water, and timber sufficient for fencing, the family selected a site about six miles northwest of Princeville for their home. As they arrived late in the fall, they immediately built a log cabin, on the farm that is at present owned by S. A. Walkington, but which was until lately occupied by Edgar Miller. They built fences, plowed the prairie, and laid the foundation for a future that would be free from want. The first winter must have been a hard one, because they could not have brought many supplies with them, but the prairie furnished plenty of

food for stock, and quail and deer were plentiful. In fact, for several years, the family ate no meat except game they killed. The head of the family was a tanner by trade, probably having practiced it in Germany, and dressed all the deer hides, making clothes for his children, and having leather to sell besides. One winter three of the boys made fence rails in White Oak, walking six miles and back to their work every day. They made 2000 rails in the winter and were paid with rails, and provisions that had been hauled from Chicago. For years there was no fruit in this part of the country, and what was introduced at first was not of good quality.

In the meantime the children were marrying, and raising families of their own on adjoining farms, which they pre-empted and got from the government at \$1.25 per acre. John, the oldest son, was married in North Carolina and his three oldest children, Jacob L., William Logan, and Sally Ann, were born in Carolina. After he came to Illinois other children were born, as follows: Katherine, Cloe, Samuel, Mary, Hester and Thomas. There are now living, 35 grand children of this John Miller, and a great many more great grandchildren, though none of them are now in this neighborhood.

Daniel Miller had two daughters, and there are now 14 grandchildren of his. James had two sons who are still living, John H., of Palmyra, Iowa, who addressed the old settlers at the last picnic, James of Des Moines, and a daughter Harriet who died a few years ago. There are living eight grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren of James Miller.

Henry Miller was married in Cambridge to Miss Lucinda Mills, who is also one of our old settlers, having come to Illinois probably in 1829, though she did not come to this vicinity until after she was married. To them were born thirteen children, four of whom died in infancy, but there are still living Nancy Fast, James, Araminta Springer, Dan, Charles, John, Jacob, Bell Stubbs and Steve. Mrs. Lucinda Miller is still

living, and is the proud mother of nine, grandmother of seventeen, and great grandmother of fourteen. To Christian Miller, Jr., were born Amanda, (Mrs. Bates), who lives at Normal, Ill., Edgar, who lives at Wyoming, Ill., and Albert of Albion, Iowa. There are four grandchildren.

The only child of Christian Miller, Sr., who is still living is Araminta Shaw. She has eight children, one of them Mrs. Nancy Westerfield, who lives near Duncan, Ill. There are about 20 grandchildren.

The youngest member of this generation, Lydia Bliss, had eight children, of whom Mrs. Anna Newlin lives in Lovington, Ill., and Mrs. Clarissa Kellogg lives in Peoria, Ill., and several of the others in Iowa. Thus it will be seen that Christian Miller, Sr., had ten children one of whom, Mrs. Araminta Shaw, is still living in Kansas, 53 grandchildren who grew up, probably about 90 great grandchildren and certainly over a hundred great great grandchildren who are now living.

The restlessness and boldness which made the great grandparents move to America, which made them move with their family from North Carolina to Kentucky, and later to Illinois, has made the younger members move still farther west, so that the family has large representations in Iowa, Missouri, California, Washington, and Oregon. The only ones that are left in this vicinity are Daniel, Jacob, John, who has four children, Mrs. Bell Stubbs, and Mrs. Araminta Springer, all children of Henry Miller, and their cousin Edgar Miller, child of Christian Miller, Jr., and who lives near Wyoming and has two children.

There are buried in the Princeville Cemetery, Christian Miller, Sr., his wife, and four of their children; Christian, Henry, James and Lydia. And so, while there is this great family cherishing memories of their childhood homes in Princeville township, the old settlers of Princeville cherish memories of those who had such a large part in the settling of this township.

THE MOTT FAMILY.

By W. W. Mott and Louis Auten, 1908.

One of the few families that were in this community when the village was laid out by Mr. Stevens, was that of Mr. Oscar Fitzalen Mott. He was born in Erie County, New York, in 1806, and was married at the age of about 20 years to Deidamia Bump. He was a doctor by profession, located in Boston, Erie Co., N. Y., and built up such a large practice that he could not meet all the demands upon his time and strength. As he wished to get away from his work, and as he was naturally of an adventuresome nature, he started in 1837 with his wife and his two boys, Richard F. (age 8) and William Washington (age 7) for the new West.

They reached Princeville in the fall of 1837, and for some years made their home in a double log cabin belonging to Daniel Prince, and situated in the ravine Southwest of town, not far South of where the Higbee coal mine is now. This cabin was built for a mill, and in one-half of it were the mill stones and the power wheel, but as Mr. W. W. Mott remembers it, the mill was never used while they lived there. They kept a few pigs and a cow or two, which sheltered themselves in the mill part of the cabin. In this cabin were born two boys, Oscar and Eugene, both of them dying in infancy.

The father practiced at his profession as there was occasion, but most of his work was charity work; he took what pay his patients were willing to give. He was an "herb doctor," and was quite successful in the treatment of the commoner diseases of his time, most of which were known as "chills and fever." There were other doctors not very far away, so he was not kept busy at his practice, but spent the most of his time "working out." As this left the boys without much to do, Washington rented a few acres of ground

and farmed for himself. His older brother was not strong and did not do much heavy work.

After a few years residence in the double log cabin, the family moved to about a mile and a half South of the present center of the village. Then in a year or two more they bought 15 acres of land a mile South and a few rods East from the present Postoffice corner.

In the meantime, a daughter, Josephine, was born in 1847. She grew up to womanhood, and is well remembered by many of those present. She often came to town horseback, with butter and eggs, and always went to the Seventh Day Adventist services which were held at the Santee residence (the old Merritt Home-stead) just North of town, on Saturday afternoons. In the 50's, while Josephine was still a little girl, the oldest son, Richard, went to California, and made his home there until his death in 1876. This left only the two parents and the two children at home, and the death of the father in 1863 and of the mother in 1875, left only the brother and sister, Washington and Josephine. Both were unmarried, and together they kept up their farm, four miles Southeast of town, until the death of Josephine, which occurred in the fall of 1902, a very short time after she had been married.

William Washington Mott has always been industrious and careful, has been able to provide for his needs, and content to do without luxuries. He has been successful at farming and at bee culture, and has raised some fruit for market. After the death of his sister he lived alone at his farm for three years, but in 1905, oppressed by loneliness and old age, he rented his farm and moved to town, and now for the last three years he has made his home in a little cottage not many rods from the site of the double log cabin which was his first Illinois home.

His life has been subject to many of the hardships of pioneer times, yet, at the age of 78 years, he walks up town nearly every day to talk over old times with his old friends, or to tell his younger friends of those times that now seem so far distant: of the times when

the Indians though no longer a menace were still a dreaded memory; when wheat was threshed by driving horses over it and was fanned only by the wind, and was hauled in wagons to Chicago and exchanged for lumber and supplies which were hauled back by wagon; when the best of land could be bought for \$300.00 per quarter section; when tiling was unknown, and much of our best land was wet the whole year round; when all travel was by horseback, and when it cost 25 cents to send a letter to New York. Life was crude in those days—to us now it would seem unbearable—but men were men, and women were women, and with their courage and energy and moral uprightness they have laid the foundation for this great Middle West of which the whole country is so proud.

THE ARMSTRONG FAMILY.

By Mrs. Rose C. Armstrong.

In the early part of the 19th century, May 6, 1819, were united in marriage, one James Armstrong, son of James and Margaret Armstrong, and Miss Mary McCoy. They were the parents of six sons and three daughters, namely: Joseph, born April 17, 1820; James, Dec. 17, 1821; William, Sept. 8, 1823; Margaret, Sept. 19, 1825; Eliza, Dec. 17, 1827; Mary, Jan. 30, 1830; John, Feb. 15, 1832; Martin, Dec. 18, 1834; Ebenezer, June 22, 1836.

They bought a farm and by hard work and economy had it nearly paid for when Mr. Armstrong was fatally injured by a tree falling upon him and died May 22, 1837, leaving the wife and mother to provide for the family, the youngest a babe of eleven months. Two sons had preceded him. The business affairs were placed in the hands of a relative who took six or seven years to settle the estate and then took the farm for his pay; thus leaving the family in very reduced cir-

cumstances. All had to work and help along as soon as they were able.

Joseph, the oldest son, was married to Martha McNeal March 10, 1841, and moved to Ohio County, W. Va., where he worked in a mill for his uncle, three years, receiving only his flour to use as compensation, the wife supplying the rest of the living by the proceeds from her cow, garden and chickens. Then feeling competent to run a mill he hired to a wealthy widow, a Mrs. Kruger, who owned a mill, and ran it for her nine years, receiving the flour for family use, a hog to butcher each year and a share of the bran, shorts, etc., with which Mrs. Armstrong fed her cows, pigs, and chickens, continuing to be the main support of the family while Joseph's wages remained in the hands of Mrs. Kruger. When he had been there seven years the lady owed him \$970.00. She gave him a check on the bank for \$1000.00 and let him come West on condition that he buy a farm and then come back and stay with her two years longer which he did. He came from that mill to Peoria County in 1853, partly by railroad. The rails were $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch wagon tire, spiked on sills and laid on ties, and spiked or keyed down so the track could not spread. Trains went slowly and were, perhaps, as safe as trains are now.

He bought the farm where the rest of his life was spent from Geo. Bestor, but could not find him when ready to pay, so left his money with James Sutherland of French Grove, who made the purchase for him. The Sutherland's, Yates' and McCoy's came from Washington County, Pennsylvania, and Ohio County, Virginia, and were old acquaintances. He had intended going to Iowa to buy but they persuaded him to buy here.

In those days there was a four horse stage run from Peoria to Knoxville. On this he came from Peoria to Brimfield and returned the same way. On the stage a man from California showed him an eight cornered \$50.00 gold piece. Quite a curiosity.

In the month of February, 1855, John Armstrong came from Washington County, Pennsylvania, with four horses, making all the trip on horseback. The mother with the rest of the family, excepting Joseph and James, came from Wheeling by boat. There was much ice running in the river and they had to tie up nights. John reached here first. At a hotel he was given a bed in which a typhoid patient had died, and was coming down with the fever when he met the rest with a team and wagon in Peoria. They managed to take him as far as Brimfield where he lay sick at a hotel for a long time, his mother staying to care for him while the rest went on three miles farther where they rented a place. When John was able to be moved they went home, but Mrs. Armstrong had contracted the disease and died three days later, April 29, 1855, and was laid to rest in the French Grove Cemetery.

During that summer Joseph had a small 1½ story house built on his place and the family moved in in September before the house was finished. A month later Joseph came with his own family, having sent goods to Peoria by boat and moved the family in a wagon. They all lived in this small house that winter.

In the spring of '56 the rest moved to the Lem Camp farm, leaving Joseph and his family in their own home. They lived on the Camp farm three years, John and Ebenezer running the farm, Margaret keeping house, while Eliza and Mary became a couple of the pioneer school teachers of Peoria County, teaching some years in the vicinity of Brimfield and in Princeville Township. While not busy with the farm work John and Ebenezer worked at the carpenter trade. With the help of a Mr. Anderson, they built a house where Mr. Abe Miller now lives and moved into it, living there three years. They built the house on the West half of Joseph's quarter, the mason work being done by John Stubbs.

Into this house they moved, having the use of something over an acre of ground for a garden. Here they made their home for many years, going forth one by one

till only Margaret and the waif she had given a home to since she was a baby five months old, were left and three years ago last April they moved to Monica that they might be near enough to a church to attend services.

Speaking of the early days when this family came to Illinois, Joseph, or Squire Armstrong, as he was generally called, said the prairie South and West of his house was pretty much open and that towards Princeville was only about half fenced. They were obliged to burn the grass about the house in fear of prairie fires. There were Oliver Moody, B. Hare and James Debord on the road and Bob Garrison about the middle of Millbrook. He, Garrison, came very poor but there was plenty of pasture and by raising stock he became very wealthy. The Carter's each had a quarter worth about \$600.00.

The fences were mostly posts driven in the ground with a wooden drop hammer on which were nailed three poles. Timber was hard to get and he had to haul his first nine miles. Peoria and Oak Hill were the markets in those days.

The first school in the White's Grove district was a little board shanty on the farm where Henry DeBord now lives. There was no church nearer than French Grove. Later there was one at Princeville. After the second school house was built, there were meetings there sometimes. The present school house is the third one.

As Mrs. Jos. Armstrong began so she continued and because of her thrift and economy the income from farm products was largely left to use in buying more land and improving the same. She died March 3, 1877, at the age of 59 years. After her death her daughters nobly filled her place.

Squire Armstrong took an active interest in township affairs and held the office of supervisor for 18 years and that of Justice of the Peace for 24 years. He was a great lover of peace, and having seen the folly of litigation in his mother's home, he would settle dif-

ficulties when possible without allowing them to come to trial. While not bound to any church he early learned to love his Bible and always stood ready to help any righteous cause both financially and by his influence. He lived to the ripe age of nearly 83 years and died January 9, 1903, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him.

There were eleven children, four sons and seven daughters. One son died in infancy. Mary married Allen McMillen and lived near Wichita, Kansas, and died last November. Joseph died June 7, 1879. James married Katie Parnell and lives near Bondville, Champaign County, Illinois. Lucretia, wife of James Parrish, lives near Shenandoah, Iowa. Isabella, first wife of Jas. Parrish, died Aug. 11, 1886. Ellen, wife of Jackson Leaverton, lives at White's Grove. William married Rose C. Haller, died March 2, 1904. Rosalie lives in Shenandoah, Iowa. Martha, wife of John Squire, lives near Monica, and Jennie, wife of Chas. Blank, lives near Coin, Iowa. There are 39 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren.

James Armstrong, the second son of James and Mary McCoy Armstrong, did not settle in Illinois but went farther West where he was lost track of for 21 years. Then he was discovered by the late Hugh Roney, his great resemblance to Squire Armstrong making Mr. Roney stop and question him. He started a foundry in Maryville, Mo., which his second son William still runs. He died several years ago. There are three daughters living.

Eliza married Sanford M. Whittington, May 22, 1857, who owned the farm now owned by Henry DeBord. He later sold this and after living in Princeville and vicinity a while, they moved to Blandinsville, Ill., where she died July 5, 1878. She was the mother of six daughters, four of whom survived her. Mary, now Mrs. Will Schaad of Merna, Neb., Sarah, now Mrs. Fred DeBord of Maitland, Mo., Clara, wife of Ben Miller of Broken Bow, Neb., and Ida, wife of Henry Simmons, of this place.

John Armstrong married Louisa Walliker July 4, 1863, and lived on a farm near Spoon River, which was a wedding present to his wife by her father. After living here some years, they moved to a farm five miles East of Maryville, Mo., where they still live with their oldest son and daughter who are unmarried, and three small grandchildren. One son is a widower and one son and three daughters are dead.

Ebenezer taught school a number of years, was in the 86th regiment, Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and served in the Civil War. He married Martha Walliker Oct. 30, 1866. Bought a farm with the money saved from his army pay and built a house on it with the money his wife received as a wedding present from her father. This is the farm now owned by John Squire where Robt. Ellison lives. John's farm was just West of it. He later became a Baptist minister and preached several years at White's Grove and Kickapoo. They sold the farm and in February, 1886, moved to a farm near Larned, Kansas, and later to Hutchinson, Kansas. He continued to preach as long as his health would permit. He died Jan. 30, 1903, leaving his wife and six sons and three daughters. Three sons and one daughter are married.

During the time of the Civil War, when merchandise sold at fabulous prices, Margaret, better known as "Aunt Peggy," and Mary conceived the idea of raising flax and preparing it for cloth themselves, which they did, spun and wove it. For years after this they carded and spun wool and wove it into blankets and wove rag carpets, till they were known all over the Northern part of Peoria County and beyond its limits. They gave some time every day to the reading of Scripture and singing of hymns, and were faithful workers in church and Sunday school. Two more earnest, wholesome, God fearing women than they, it would be hard to find. Always giving liberally of all their substance, their wealth is that which is laid up in heaven.

Mary became a member of the Monica Woman's Christian Temperance Union when it was organized and

was an effective worker there till she moved away. When in the vigor of their womanhood no call for help in time of sorrow or sickness was ever unheeded and this was kept up as long as they were able to go.

On March 6, 1896, Mary married Wm. Mann of near Beatrice, Neb. They were each 66 years old. They lived together happily for ten years when he was called hence. A few years previously they had moved into Beatrice where she still lives, a blessing to the community, still giving of her substance as faithfully as of yore, and enjoying, in a greater measure than most do, a simple trust in and nearness to the Heavenly Father and His Divine Son. Surely the world is better because Margaret and Mary Armstrong have lived in it. Aunt Peggy is now 83, Aunt Mary 78 and Uncle John 76 years old. "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days." (Prov. 10:27.)

THE LAWRENCE MCKOWN FAMILY.

By Mrs. Eliza Bouton and H. J. Cheesman, 1908.

Lawrence McKown and his wife, Cynthia White McKown, first came to Princeville about 1830, but on account of homesickness, soon returned to Rockville, Indiana, whence they had come. In 1833, their daughter Eliza then being two years old, they returned to Princeville and brought with them Mrs. McKown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh White, who settled in Northwest Princeville. The McKown's, after staying a little while in Northwest Princeville, built their first cabin in one of the ravines just East of the Jubilee road, near the present "Santa Fe Arch." This is the first home that their daughter Eliza remembers. Hugh McKown was born here in 1835. Next they built a small cabin on the land of James Morrow, near the "Hitchcock Pond." In this second home Levi McKown was born in 1838. This house, south of the "Hitchcock

Pond" ravine, was built and the McKown's were living in it some years before the Slane family built near them, and before the school house was erected on the site where later stood Hiteheock & Voris' mill. Although living close to school, Mrs. Eliza Bouton says the "Hiteheock Pond" ravine was often so full of water that it was "pretty tough walking and wading to get to school." It was a "subscription" school, and her father paid tuition for the privilege of sending his children. The first teacher was Miss Esther Stoddard and the second was another Miss Stoddard, sister of the first. Next was Mr. Solomon Cornwell, remembered by his pupils because of his severity. This log school house, just Southeast of where the Rock Island depot now stands, was very small and when the scholars all stood up to spell they reached around the four sides of the room.

Mrs. Bouton's first recollection of the present site of Princeville was that people used to come up from Jubilee way to pick blackberries and hazelnuts where the town now stands.

In 1840, Mr. McKown and family moved to Missouri. Here he lost his wife in 1842, and he brought the children back to Illinois. His moving disposition took him away again, this time to Texas, where he stayed, leaving the children here to grow up with their cousins, the Whites and the Morrows. He returned once about 1875, and again a few months before his death at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Bouton, in 1891.

Eliza McKown was married to Alanson Bouton on Jan. 5, 1854. Mr. Bouton died July 3, 1868, and their only child, Miss Minnie, still lives at home with her mother.

Amanda McKown married Isaac Crowe and now lives in Toulon, Ill.; her children are: Wm. Crowe of Iowa, Mrs. Ella Moss of Jubilee and Mrs. Jennie Smith of Toulon.

Hugh McKown married Lizzie Bouton on March 29, 1864, and died April 8, 1874. Their children are Mrs.

Lena Miller; Emma (deceased); Alanson B., living in Iowa; Mrs. Lois Beall and Mrs. Stella Graves.

Levi McKown married Jane German, and they now live at Elmwood, Ill. Their children are: Mrs. Allie Carter, William, Lewis, Albert, Bessie, Frank, Edith and Eldon.

Mary McKown married Hiram Bronson, both of them now dead; a daughter, Mrs. Clara Archibald, is living in Iowa, and a son, Mark, went to the Philippines some years ago and has not been heard from.

Cynthia McKown married Malchiah Mendell and she is still living in Kansas, although now critically ill. She has six children: Mrs. Mary Gadberry of Russell, Kan.; Mrs. Ida Bowman of Moran, Kan.; Luther A. of Gorham, Kan.; Elza H. of Russell, Kan.; Mrs. Arzella C. Howard of Ft. Scott, Kan., and Iva L. of Russell, Kan. (Mrs. Mendell died April 18, 1911, and was buried in the Russell cemetery.)

Mrs. Bouton is probably the oldest original settler now in this locality. She remembers the building of the first school house, the coming of the Slane family from Kickapoo, also the coming of the Blanchards, the coming of Mr. Stevens, the building of the first Morrow store, the staking out of the original village in 1837, the building of the first Presbyterian Church, where Cheeseman Bros.' store now stands, and has been familiar with practically all of Princeville's history. She also remembers the starting of the cemetery out on the Northwest hill, and can tell of the burials in the South woods for a few years before that. There were many hardships during these early years that the people of to-day know nothing about; but along with the hardships there were many pleasant happenings. Best of all was the old spirit of hospitality and ever readiness to help friends.

PRINCEVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

Account as Published in Princeville Telephone Aug. 19,
1909.

Seventy-fifth Anniversary—Presbyterian Church Celebrates Mile-stone in Its History—Two Day's Program Greatly Enjoyed by All Present.

As announced and planned for months past, the Presbyterian Church of Princeville, celebrated on Sunday and Monday of this week the seventy-fifth anniversary of its organization as "Prince's Grove Church" in 1834. Nearly 500 programs and announcements had been mailed to as many present and former members of the church. Large audiences attended all of the services on Sunday as well as the afternoon meeting, supper on the lawn, and organ recital on Monday.

Rev. Wiles' sermon Sunday morning was an historical sketch of the church which is printed in full below. In the evening Rev. Brown, the M. E. church joining in Union services, gave a sermon on Joshua 4:6, "What mean ye by these stones?" In the Sunday School, reminiscent talks were given on the first starting of the Sunday School, and the earliest superintendents and teachers, as well as the more recent ones.

The choir Sunday morning was reinforced by a number of old time singers of the church. In the evening, a chorus rendered Schnecker's setting of the 97th Psalm as a Cantata, preceding Rev. Brown's address.

The Monday afternoon session was perhaps the one most enjoyed by the old members, and the most helpful to the younger ones. After listening to a few letters from former pastors and friends at a distance, those present spoke in an informal way about the early times, giving their recollections about the old building, the first pastors, and the leading members. There were exhibited at this and the other meetings the first session

book of the church, sermons by Revs. Cameron and Cunningham, a pulpit Bible, presented to the church in 1849, some boards from the first frame church building, and a picture of the wife of the first pastor. The fact was brought out at this meeting that the church is older than the village; and that before there were public schools here the church took a very active part in education.

It was inspiring for the young members to hear at first hand of the greater reverence of those early times; of the loyalty and generosity of the members; and of the intense devotion of the pastors.

For the supper and social on the lawn, a more ideal day could not have been hit upon, and the happy spirit of the large number in attendance was in harmony with the ideal weather conditions. The large tables were seated to their capacity four times in succession, about 280 being served.

Monday evening's recital was a rare treat in a musical way, Miss Edith Campbell of Peoria rendering among other selections, Schubert's Serenade, the Pilgrim's Chorus, and an arrangement of the Hallelujah Chorus. Mrs. Chas. Whitney, Soprano, and Mr. Howard Kellogg, Tenor, both of Peoria, rendered several solos and duets. Miss Campbell's mastery of the organ was especially enjoyed by her Princeville friends.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF PRINCEVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Written for the Occasion of Seventy-fifth Anniversary,
Aug. 15-16. 1909, by Rev. Max Wiles.

It is my purpose to try to sketch the history of this church since its organization. I can, of course, mention but single incidents in each succeeding period, for to go into anything of detail one could write volumes. The church has retained an unbroken history since its

beginning. Early members have come and gone but the work abides. Like the Children of Israel when they carried with them the Ark and the tables of stone, so each succeeding generation has preserved the records of the deeds of the fathers. As this anniversary service proceeds on into tomorrow, the aged veterans of the pioneer days can supply much of the detail which of necessity is lacking here.

Let us together open the book of time and turn the pages back to seventy-five years ago. In the first session book of the church on page one under the heading "Prince's Grove, August 16, 1834," we have the record of the first meeting of the church. I will read the account as there recorded:

"Agreeably to a request made by a number of professors of religion of the Presbyterian church in this settlement, the Rev. Robert Stewart met them; and after sermon by Rev. Theron Baldwin, the following individuals came forward and presented testimonials of their good standing as church members, and were voluntarily formed into a church, to be known by the name of "Prince's Grove Presbyterian Church." The names of those who united with the church were: Jonathan E. Garrison, Hugh White, James Morrow, Thomas Morrow, Samuel R. White, John F. Garrison, Mary A. Garrison, Elinor Morrow, Jane Morrow, Elizabeth A. Morrow, Jane White, Mary A. Peet, Elizabeth Prince, Mary White, Martha Morrow, John Miller, and Dosha Miller—seventeen in all. As far as we are able to discover, none of these charter members survive.

The present generation will find it hard to even imagine the scene of this early organization. This meeting was no doubt held in a log school house, situated some place East of the Rock Island railroad crossing.

The Black Hawk war of 1832 had closed and while the Indians were leaving, the settlers were arriving. These broad acres now covered with crops of grain, were then covered with prairie grass, blue-stem, rosin

weed, red root and sumac. The timber was skirted with patches of hazel brush, blackberry and gooseberry bushes. Frequently herds of deer could be seen in the edge of the hills. Along Spoon river, where we now go fishing in safety, except for the mosquitoes, there were herds of deer numbering one hundred fifty, also wildcats, lynxes, numbers of prairie wolves, coyotes and big gray timber wolves.

Log houses were few in number and with some exceptions widely separated. These settlers built their homes in the timber on some small clearing near the creek. The markets were then Peoria, Lacon, Chillicothe and Chicago. Trips were made to these different places with ox teams, hauling wheat to exchange for lumber, salt and clothing. Such was something of the environments surrounding these early church men.

At the conclusion of this first meeting the church extended an invitation to the Rev. Calvin W. Babbitt to take charge of the work as stated supply. Rev. Mr. Babbitt accepted and served the church a little more than one year. The record speaks well of his ministerial fidelity.

The next minister was the Rev. George G. Gill, who supplied the pulpit, preaching every third Sabbath. During this pastorate, the Rev. Mr. Hill of the M. E. church supplied the pulpit on several occasions.

In the year 1843 the Rev. Robert Breese became pastor and supplied the field of Rochester and Princeville, residing a part of the time in Princeville and the remainder in Rochester. Mr. Breese's labors covered the period between 1843 and 1851. In 1844 the first frame structure was built on the site now occupied by Cheesman Bros.' store.

Thomas Morrow, Erastus Peet and Samuel R. White, besides others, each hauled a load of lumber from Chicago, some of them with ox teams. This was Rev. Mr. Breese's first and only pastorate. He fell asleep in 1851 and lies buried in our village cemetery. His grave is marked by a headstone of Italian marble on which is the inscription, "The graves of all His

Saints be blest." "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

It is fitting to speak at this point of the material help given in building this first church by Mr. Wm. C. Stevens, the founder of Princeville. He gave the lot with a clear title and no reservations. He gave liberally and generously of time and money. He gave plaster material that had been hauled from Chicago for his own house and then lived in his own house three years without plastering; this that the church might be made comfortable the sooner. His teams went to Chicago twice and he furnished the lumber that they brought back. When money was hard to collect he helped furnish it at a sacrifice and waited until it could be paid back. It was his heart's desire to see a good church established in the community and he entered into the work heart and soul.

After the death of Mr. Breese, the Rev. Robert Cameron was called, who labored most diligently on the field until 1857, when he likewise was called away by death. Robert Cameron was the father of Auntie Cameron who has reached the ripe age of 84 years and is patiently waiting her summons home. Rev. Robert Cameron was much beloved and very highly esteemed by the church and by his ministerial brethren. He frequently contributed able papers to the religious periodicals published in his day. He died happily in the Lord after a faithful ministry covering a period of nearly forty years. His grave is also with us, marked by a headstone of white marble erected by the church to his memory. The church has one of his sermons on file. It was delivered possibly during the year 1855; the text is Matthew 5:8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Following Mr. Cameron the Rev. George Cairns and Rev. J. M. Stone as stated supply, each had a part in caring for the flock, during the time the church was without a regular pastor.

This brings us down to the time of the out-break of the Civil War. I find on record that the church met

together during these troublesome times and by a unanimous voice expressed their loyalty to the government.

In 1863 Rev. William Cunningham, after serving one year as chaplain in the army, came to Illinois and preached at Prospect church (now known as Dunlap) during the summer. In October he was invited to take charge of the Princeville church, which invitation he accepted, serving the church until 1870. During the first part of his ministry he also taught in the Academy; later he severed his connection with the Academy and give all his time and talents to his ministerial duties. In the winter of 1865-6 the church passed through a season of reviving and quickening. A large number confessed their faith in Christ and united with the church. As a result of this ingathering, plans were laid for the erection of the second church building. These plans they were able to carry out and the main auditorium of this building in which we are gathered was built and dedicated. The women of the church were not lacking in this pioneer spirit. Through their efforts they were able to contribute \$1000.00 to the building fund.

These were notable years. A revival, a new house of worship, a regularly installed pastor and his salary increased \$200.00. Just here an event takes place in the history of the church which cast a cloud over the noonday splendor of its future. It was in the year 1867, the pastor was married to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Laura Aldrich. Much was hoped from this union. But Providence had other ways and plans. In two months after their wedding she was buried in the village cemetery, the victim of a sad accident. The pastor, under this heavy blow, felt that he could no longer carry on the work and so requested the church and Presbytery to unite with him, dissolving the relation.

In 1871, the Rev. Arthur Rose was called, who served the church until 1877. Many present this morning can follow the history here, and for lack of time

it will be necessary to note only special events. The church had to contend against a shifting population which caused the attendance and membership to rise and fall in point of numbers. The rise in the value of land in Illinois and the inviting openings in the West was the cause of this unrest.

In 1881, Rev. Samuel R. Belville was called to the pastorate and served the church until 1886. During this period the benevolences of the church were carried out systematically, all the boards of the church being remembered with gifts. The work of the Sunday school began to be pushed ahead with greater vigor.

Rev. Chas. M. Taylor came into the pastorate in 1887 and carried on the work until 1896. During the years 1894 and 1895 the church reached its highest mark in point of membership and benevolences. The membership numbered 210 and the Sunday school 238. (All will understand that the church keeps revising its roll and only the names on the active list are counted here.)

Succeeding Mr. Taylor the Rev. D. A. K. Preston served the church for one year as stated supply.

This brings us to the pastorate of Rev. Chas. T. Phillips, whose services cover the period from 1897 to 1903. During this time a large number were added to the church upon confession of faith. Dr. Robert F. Henry, who had served the church as ruling Elder for over 40 years, passed away. Dr. Henry often represented the Peoria Presbytery at Synod and had the honor of being sent to the General Assembly on two different occasions. At his death he was teacher of the famous "infant class." The story of this notable class has been told all over the nation. Fourteen there were whose ages aggregated more than 1000 years. Rev. Mr. Phillips speaks of the inspiration it gave him to see those gray heads reverently bent over the sacred page, every word of which to them was God-breathed. This brief sketch closes with the faithful service rendered by Rev. Amos A. Randall and the beginning of the present pastorate, 1908.

I could not begin to speak of the industry, the self sacrifice, the consecration of these early days. In God's great Book of Life it is all recorded.

The church early adopted the plan of Rotary Eldership. This gave a number of different laymen the opportunity to serve. The oldest elder in point of years and also of service is Elder Geo. Rowcliffe, who took his office in 1870. Mr. Lemuel Auten was a colleague of Mr. Rowcliffe's. (Mr. Auten has since taken his church letter to our sister denomination at Monica.) Elijah Tracy and Byron H. Wear also served in the office of eldership for a number of years. G. W. Rowcliffe has been honored by being re-elected to this office a number of times. John M. Yates, who comes from an illustrious family of church goers, is serving his first term on the Board. C. J. Cheesman, who is a colleague of Mr. Yates, also holds the office of superintendent of Sunday school. This is his specialty, having been in this work as leader since 1889. The Board of Trustees composed of Mr. Peter Auten, Bruce Henry and G. W. Rowcliffe come in for their share of praise. They are contemplating larger things in the way of improvements and building.

The church treasurer is Mr. Henry J. Cheesman, whose exemplary care of the church funds deserves great praise. In his honesty and fidelity he is a man after our own heart.

POINTS OF LOCAL INTEREST

We have five members who are well past four score years: Miss Agnes Cameron, Mrs. Eliza Barr, Martin Luther Bingham, Mrs. Jane Smith and Mr. J. T. Albertson. All these will soon join the church triumphant.

Tradition tells us that Mr. Hugh Morrow and Mrs. Eliza Bouton were two of the children present with their parents in that famous meeting in 1834.

The one to whom the honor is ascribed of being the oldest member in point of church membership is Mrs. Hugh Morrow, she having joined in 1854 and remain-

ing in constant communion of the church for fifty-five years.

Mr. Edward Auten and his brother, Lemuel, united six months after Mrs. Morrow. The beloved Mrs. Dr. Henry was also a member of this class. Mrs. Henry joined the church above within the last year.

Many more things might be mentioned and will be told as we go on through the services of this day and tomorrow.

God has verified His promise to His church. Through summer's heat and winter's cold He has kept this vine alive. Though dry and parched it became at times, he watered it with the dews of Divine Grace and again it has sprung into new life. And now, after seventy-five years of growth, its protecting branches cover a multitude. With peace within and without our borders, this church stands as a center of radiating blessedness, cheering, sweetening, purifying and saving the souls of men.

The last year witnessed the largest number gathered into the church in any single year. In benevolences this last year we stand second only to the banner year.

Firmly believing in the worthiness of this church and of the community's present-day need of it, I summon all to a new consecration. As has been so well said by a wise Educator, "The iron of the fathers is in us," let that iron brace us for the new day and the new duties. The beauty of the fathers is in us, too. Let that beauty make us loving and winsome. Our mission is not yet accomplished. Here the church stands beautiful for situation, the choicest building site in the village. May we be a joy to the entire community. It can be truly said that prayers rise continually like sweet incense to the very throne of God in behalf of this place.

Think of the heavenly scenes witnessed at this altar. Innocent babes in their parents' arms receiving the Sacrament of Baptism; children, youths and older ones reverently taking upon themselves the vows of membership, and gathering at the table of their Lord. And

then how often and especially within the last year, when the cloud of sorrow concealed the brightness of the sun, have we gathered within these sacred walls to be comforted by the service in which the last sacred rites were administered to those whom we love.

My friends, this church, this place, has grown to become a part of us, our interest, our work, our very life. May it be that our adorable Master may always find this church answering the deepest yearnings of His Heart as we go on in His name changing darkness into light and sin into Salvation.

HISTORY OF PRINCEVILLE M. E. CHURCH.

Prineeville Telephone, Sept. 30, 1909.

Written by Milton Wilson.

Rev. N. J. Brown has just put out a booklet among his people and the friends of the church in which is contained a concise historical sketch of the Princeville M. E. church from early times, written by Mr. Milton Wilson of Princeville. We think this sketch worthy to be reproduced in our columns, with some additions, which space did not permit to be produced in the booklet.

In attempting to write a history of the M. E. church of Princeville, the writer is confronted with the fact that there are no records to which reference can be made, no memorandum or data as a helper, consequently has to depend wholly upon tradition prior to the autumn of 1848, for material for such history.

About the year 1836 there came from the State of New York to this place, Rev. John Hill, a local minister of the M. E. church. Soon after his arrival, he and his rather numerous family of sons and daughters settled on land now owned in part by Stephen Hoag. "Father Hill," as he was familiarly called, was a very conscientious and faithful man, highly esteemed by all

who knew him. He soon began to gather in at his humble home the "lost sheep"—immigrants who had formerly been members of the M. E. church at places of their nativity and were now scattered over a sparsely settled country with no previous opportunity of returning to the "fold." Services were rather infrequent and informal. In due time they became regularly organized and became a part of a six weeks' circuit, supplied by a regular minister. Services were held first in Aunt Jane Morrow's log cabin, and then for a number of years in a small log school house, situated about thirty rods southeast of the present site of the C. R. I. & P. depot, where they continued to worship for a number of years. In the year 1846 the stone building now occupied by the Misses Margaret and Arilla Riel was erected for school purposes. The Board of Directors very generously tendered its use to all religious denominations, including the M. E. church, for religious services when not needed for school purposes.

At this time the circuit had narrowed to a four weeks' itinerary, including Kickapoo, Brimfield, Rochester, now Elmore, and Princeville. The ministers who served under Conference appointment prior to the fall of 1848, were Rev. Messrs. Pitner, Whitman, Cumming, Hill, Beggs, Applebee, Grundy and Gaddis. The laymen at that time and for a few subsequent years who were the most active and faithful workers, have all entered into rest. They were: Messrs. Martin, Russell, Ayling, McMillen, Hare and Hoag.

At the Annual Conference held in the fall of 1848, two young, unmarried ministers were appointed to the circuit, both of whom very wisely secured "help meets" during the year. Under their ministrations the church prospered in every respect. Its numerical strength largely increased by the inflow of immigration. In the early "fifties" the junior preacher under appointment, known as the "bachelor preacher," well educated and able in discourse, attracted attention by a certain eccentricity. He seemed to have such intense concentration of thought while preaching as to be oblivious to sur-

roundings. Also he seemed to possess an unlimited supply of handkerchiefs and to have a mania for their use. Beginning his sermon he would soon produce a handkerchief from a pocket and lay it on the desk. After a little another would make its appearance. Then another and another, until from four to six handkerchiefs would be in sight, no two alike in style or color. It was a query among the young people, to whom this was very funny, where he found room on his person for such a consignment of linen.

In the spring of 1853 the class decided they would have a house of worship of their own. Building was begun on Lots 1 and 2, Block 16, now owned by Mrs. M. J. Adams, but the structure was not completed until the following year owing to scarcity of money. The writer does not remember that there was any formal dedication service at its opening. From this date there was a gradual growth in church interests, with lapses at intervals, of spiritual life. During one of these latter a Quarterly Meeting day arrived. It was late in the autumn and the weather was chilly. The time was Saturday afternoon. About twenty persons were present, and as the Presiding Elder, a nervous man, came in he glanced at the fireless stove. As he walked up the aisle he took note of the accumulated dirt and dust in nook and corner. Presently an aged sister secured a broom and began sweeping. The Elder looked quickly from where he was sitting and said, "Don't, sister. Never sweep the room after the table is set." The good old lady, greatly abashed, set the broom back in its resting place and sat down. The Elder then picked up a heavy shawl which he usually wore in cold weather, and drawing it around his thin shoulders with the top reaching to the crown of his head, took his place behind the pulpit and throwing his head back, eyes closed and arms folded, began singing, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing." The whole scene was so amusing that religious sentiment, for the time, was barred.

August, 1858, is remembered as the "great revival year." A Camp Meeting was held in the grove on the

farm of Jacob Hoag, and the meeting was one of great spiritual power. The number of conversions was large. But anxiety was not absent during that meeting. Late in the afternoon, on Sunday, information came to the ministers that some disorderly fellows from a distant neighborhood were coming in the evening to create a disturbance and "break up the meeting." The ministers at once entered into consultation as to necessary steps taken for protection as well as defense. About this time two or three young men of the immediate neighborhood went around to where the ministers were in consultation and said to them that they were not professed christians, but believed in defending religious assemblages in their rights, and for them to have no further thought or anxiety about the matter, as they were fully organized to take care of the "Spoon River gang" if they made any attempt to disturb the meeting. This was soon communicated to the "gang" when they very wisely decided that "discretion is the better part of valor" and hastily left the grounds.

Another incident: A young fellow came into the evening service and took a seat on the side of the aisle assigned to the ladies. Presiding Elder Richard Haney immediately went back and said to him kindly that perhaps he was unaware of the custom of the church, that the males sit on one side of the aisle and the females on the opposite side, and asked him kindly if he would please be seated on the men's side. He looked up defiantly in the face of the elder and replied, "I guess not." "I guess you will," said the elder, and quickly grabbing his coat collar with his left hand and with his right getting a very convenient grip on his trousers, lifted him bodily across the aisle, setting him down, not very tenderly, with the remark, "Now sit here and behave yourself, or fare worse." He did, never stirring from his enforced place of seating during the entire service, only occasionally glancing in the direction of the athletic preacher.

Just before the closing of the meeting the local officiary said they felt that the church had been so greatly

blessed spiritually, in accessions and in membership, that Princeville was able to support a pastor alone and at the Annual Conference a few weeks later Princeville became an independent charge, Rev. Millsap being the first appointed pastor. The church under the new arrangements began and continued to prosper along all lines until the beginning of the War of the Rebellion. And notwithstanding the cloud of gloom and sorrow that hung over the church during those trying years of the war, there seemed to be no abatement in spiritual feeling or church interests, though depleted in its male members and outside attendance at its services by reason of so many having volunteered and gone to the front. There were very few homes not represented in the service by a husband, father, son or brother. In 1861 and 1862, Rev. Ahab Keller was the preacher in charge. He was known as the "fighting parson." With him, at that time, no sermon was complete and well rounded out that was lacking in patriotic utterances.

After the close of the war and the return of the soldiers, the church took a new life and increased interest in its advancement and work, the outside attendance at the services being greatly increased. These conditions continued to grow and increase until the spring of 1868, when the question of building a new and larger church edifice began to be agitated, there not being room enough in the old building for the increased membership and the increasing numbers in church attendance. The matter soon took form and the preliminary work began. It was completed and formally dedicated in the month of September, the same year, by Rev. L. B. Kent, Presiding Elder of Peoria District. Thus after twenty years in occupancy of the first church building, they became occupants of the new structure. The building is now known as the "old Academy." For an even twenty years this building continued to be occupied as a house of worship. During all these years peace and harmony generally prevailed within the sacred walls. One sad thought lingers in memory—of

the scores who worshiped at its altar and attended upon its services who have passed to the other shore. But in nearly every case the passing was a triumphant one.

In the year 1889 the present church edifice was erected and formally dedicated on Sunday, September 15th, of the same year.

Since that date the history and progress of the church ought to be fresh in the memory of its members as well as all who attend the services. If, however, a continued history of the church is desired, this closing is a good beginning for a more youthful and capable successor. A list of the regularly appointed ministers by the Annual Conference is herewith given, covering a period of sixty-one years, with the closing Conference year. It will be observed that there have been thirty-six distinct ministers who served the church during this time, in length of service from one to five years. Only once has a minister returned to the charge under a second appointment, this one being Rev. J. S. Millsap, in 1881.

1848, B. C. Swartz, T. F. Royal; 1849, W. C. Cummings, J. W. Stogdell; 1850, John Luccock, — Dodge; 1851, U. J. Giddings, J. B. Craig; 1852, U. J. Giddings, — Reack; 1853, N. H. Gregg, C. B. Crouch; 1854-55, P. F. Rhodes; 1856-57, J. B. Mills; 1858-59, J. S. Millsap; 1860-61, Ahab Keller; 1862-63, W. J. Beck; 1864, G. W. Brown; 1865-66, S. B. Smith; 1867-68, John Cavett; 1869, M. Spurlock; 1870, G. W. Havermale; 1871-72, E. Wasmuth; 1873-74, J. Collins; 1875-76, W. B. Carithers; 1877, W. D. H. Young; 1878-80, Stephen Brink; 1881, J. S. Millsap; 1882, M. V. B. White; 1883-84, H. M. Laney; 1885-87, F. W. Merrill; 1888-92, Alex Smith; 1893-95, R. B. Seaman; 1896, J. D. Smith; 1897-98, J. E. Conner; 1899-1900, John Rogers; 1901-04, R. L. Vivian; 1905, L. F. Cullom; 1906-08, N. J. Brown.

TRACES OF EARLY INDIAN LIFE AT ROCHESTER, PEORIA AND KNOX COUNTIES, ILLINOIS.

By W. H. Adams, 1909.

Evidently the primeval race of men who once inhabited Millbrook Township and have long since vanished, like the early white settlers looked upon the high prairies as the play-ground of the winter's blizzard and summer's tornado, and therefore sought the protection of the bluffs and hills along Spoon River and its confluent as a site for their villages and dwelling places. The quantity of the ancient earthworks, and other tumuli, would indicate the presence of a considerable population at one time, or perhaps, more properly expressed, a population extending over a long period of time.

The kitchen middens on the west bank of Walnut Creek, near its confluence with Spoon River, on the farm of E. L. Grohs, indicate that a considerable village existed there for a long period of time. Intermingled with the soil that would naturally accumulate about the home of the savage, is the refuse from their feasts. This consists of the bones of the deer, opossum, raccoon, land snails, fresh water shells in great abundance, and of the species most common at the present time; also, of implements of the chase, etc., as spearheads, lances, knives, arrow points made from chert, hornstone and other forms of quartz, stone axes, celts, gorgets, discoidal stones, stone hammers, shreds of pottery, etc. Nowhere in this great mass of material is there any evidence that this primitive people came in contact with the Aryan race. Undoubtedly this was a place of considerable importance. Miss Sumner, Miss Emma Cumming and Mr. Jay Walsh and others prominently identified with the educational affairs of Knox County, have been able to trace an ancient Indian trail to this place from well defined village sites in Knox County.

There is an ossuary or burial mound some eighty rods southwest of this village that contained the skeletons of thirty or more individuals that had been piled up somewhat like the chopper cords up his wood, with this difference: the long fellows were placed at the bottom of the pile and the short ones on top, and over the whole was erected a considerable mound of earth that was thoroughly rammed or packed.

On what is now the village park of Rochester was once the playground where the plumed braves, when not engaged in the chase or lifting scalps, were wont to engage in the pastime of playing Chunkee and other games of like character germane to savage life—perhaps with the same enthusiasm that is so prominent a characteristic of the foot and baseball players of the present day.

On land owned by the Biederbeck family is a series of round and long mounds of considerable magnitude, very similar to those so common in the State of Wisconsin. One of this group is in the form of a Grecian cross. The skeletons in the more ancient graves afford but a faint trace of chalk. This would indicate a very remote interment, perhaps many thousands of years ago.

Here and there the little flint chips that are scattered over the surface of a slope or knoll, swept by the west and north winds, is the monument that marks the site of the ancient arrow-maker's workshop. There is a strong probability that the vocation of fashioning the various forms of chipped implements was one of the warm summer time. Here beneath the wide spreading branches of some great oak, the arrow maker would pursue his calling, undisturbed by the noxious insects so prevalent on the low lands or near the water courses. Those little flint chips are not only the monuments that mark the site of an attalier, but tell us in language that can not be misunderstood, that the contemporaries of the arrow-makers were a commercial people and carried the crude material in boats from distant places.

That those people had some sort of a religion or worship is evident from the fact that just over the line in Knox County, on a well prepared earthen altar, four men and one woman were burned, so that the bones were charred, and the soil was impregnated to a considerable depth with the oleaginous matter. In an excavation beneath this altar were the skeletons of two men. What dire calamity had overtaken those people that five of their number in the morning of young man and womanhood should be immolated on a fiery altar to propitiate an offended deity? It was certainly a religion as unreasoning as the creed of the bigoted fanatics, as cruel as starvation, as merciless as the hate of the wanton scorned.

The question is often asked where did those primitive peoples come from. Some argue that they are the descendants of the ten and a half lost tribes of Israel, that came to America by the way of Behring Strait. The law of supply and demand of food cuts this theory out. Others advanced the theory that they came to America by the way of the Pacific Ocean. This is possible. Able archaeologists take the position that they originated in America. Or in other words that the human family originated in more than one place. It is just as easy to believe that if man is a creature of evolution he had several starting points, as to believe he had but one.

In 1812 Congress passed an act creating a military bounty land district between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers in the Territory of Illinois, for the benefit of the soldiers engaged in the war with Great Britain. In 1816 Amos Wheeler ran the Fourth Principal Meridian west of Peoria County, and the Standard Parallel between Townships Eight and Nine North. The first record we have of the presence of white men in the north and northwestern parts of Peoria County is the presence of the men who were engaged in survey of the public land in 1817.

The Townships of Millbrook, Brimfield, Elmwood and Trivoli were surveyed and subdivided by James D.

Thomas in 1817. Trivoli was partly re-surveyed by Isaac L. Baker in 1853. The Townships of Princeville, Jubilee, Rosefield, Logan, Timber, Hollis, Limestone, Richwoods and Hallock were surveyed by Thomas Joyes in 1817. The Townships of Akron, Radnor, Kickapoo and Peoria were surveyed by Thomas Willis in 1817. Townships of Medina, Chillicothe and Rome were surveyed by Jeremiah Rice in 1817.

To John Dantz, private in Bliss' 11th, belongs the honor of first taking title to land in Millbrook Township, to whom was patented the Southwest quarter of Section Thirty-three, on the first day of January, 1818, warrant 9661. The second tract was the Southwest quarter of Section Nine to Daniel Whittain, Feb. 9th, 1818.

The first tract of land in Princeville Township was the Southwest quarter of Section Twenty-nine. It was patented to John Cady, father and heir of Adair Cady, Oct. 6, 1817. There were forty-five quarter sections of land in Princeville Township patented to soldiers or their heirs, that were engaged in the last war with Great Britain.

The following communication was received from the War Department in answer to a request for information as to what tribes of Indians occupied this section of the country in the early part of the last century.

War Department, Washington, July 17, 1909.
Mr. W. H. Adams,
Laura, Peoria Co., Ill.

Nothing has been of record in this department to show that a military escort was furnished for the protection of Surveyors engaged. It appears from correspondence on file that the Surveyors were harassed by Indians belonging to the Sae, Fox or Winnebago tribes.

It also appears from the records that Fort Clarke, Illinois, was erected in 1813 on the present site of Peoria as a protection against the Peoria Indians.

REMINISCENCES OF THE STEWART FAMILY.

By Layton L. Stewart, 1909.

The Stewart family came to Illinois from Philadelphia, Pa. Thomas and James in 1852 and Joseph in 1859. Thomas and James left the East on the 1st of April of that year and after a journey of two weeks, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg by railroad and stage coach, then down the Ohio to the Mississippi and up the Illinois to Peoria, and out to Trivoli Township by stage coach, where they arrived on the 14th of April. The next day they all went sleigh-riding, so it seems there were late springs in those days as well as now.

Thomas and James settled in Jubilee in 1857, Joseph in 1859. The Rowcliffe and Moss families were the only neighbors in this part of the Township at that time except Bishop Chase, who had founded Jubilee College several years before, about the time that Princeville was first settled.

There were many earlier settlers in the county, but it was, in comparison to the present time, a wild country around Jubilee. It was no uncommon sound to hear the wolves howling around the house at night and see herds of deer feeding on the fall grain on winter mornings.

The children of the early days are the old settlers now. The older generation is rapidly passing. May we fill their places as faithfully as they performed their parts in the making of our favored country.

PIONEERS OF MILLBROOK TOWNSHIP.

By. W. H. Adams, 1910.

The early settlers of Millbrook Township came to Illinois that they might obtain homes for themselves and a heritage for their children. They were a people who respected and revered the Sabbath as a day free from toil, and one of religious worship, of high moral character and business probity, they promoted education by building school houses, and advanced religion by erecting churches. Around the hearthstone of their humble log cabins, the wayfarer, though a stranger, was hospitably entertained. They were home-builders in the broadest and best sense that term can imply.

In the fall of 1834, William Metcalf built a log cabin on the East half of the Southeast quarter of section nine. In May or June, 1835, John Sutherland moved his family from Peoria to French Grove, where he resided until his death in 1846.

In the month of October, 1835, John Smith, Sr., John Smith, Jr., and Theragood Smith and families, accompanied by John White (who afterwards became a prominent citizen of the township), and another young man landed on the site of the Village of Rochester; and they immediately proceeded to make permanent improvements on the lands that they had entered at the Land Office at Quincy the preceding year. The next year Charles Yocum and John Carter settled in the township. Elias Wycoff, Sr., and his two young sons came in 1838. John McCune and Alexander McDonnell settled on Scotland Prairie about 1836 or '37 (if I have not mixed dates).

Subjoined is a sketch of Col. Clark W. Stanton, one of the most prominent and conspicuous characters that has ever appeared in the business arena of the Township, by his son, Erastus Stanton, of Scandia, Kansas.

COL. CLARK W. STANTON.

By Erastus Stanton, 1910.

The pioneer of Rochester, Clark W. Stanton, was born in Steuben County, in the State of New York, in 1800. The country was wild and new and while he was yet a small boy, the war of 1812 came on and he being the oldest child, with his mother was compelled to face all the hardships of frontier life, with the added horrors of British and Indian dangers, as his father and his father's brother were on the border or in Canada repelling the enemy. The privations and suffering of the family were great. There was not much farming yet in the country, and what flour there was was mostly gathered up for the use of the army. I remember his telling of often seeing his mother sifting wheat bran to get something to make bread. But when peace came their fortunes were much improved, and having a desire to learn the carpenter's trade, he was apprenticed to a good workman and mill-wright with whom he remained for several years.

In those days, it being so soon after the war, military exercise took the place that base ball does now, and the young man in time became so proficient that he was advanced to the rank of captain and afterward Colonel, although I do not remember of hearing that he took part in any actual warfare.

At the age of twenty-five he and Amy Barnes were married, and they removed to Rochester, New York, where there were better opportunities for work, and remained there for several years, getting ready for the inevitable west.

In 1833 or 34, they took shipping in a sailing vessel for Chicago, a little heard of and almost unknown village on the lower end of Lake Michigan, going around by the Straits of Mackinaw, and in due time arriving at Chicago, where they do not seem to have tarried long, for in 1834 or so he assisted in the building of the

Court House at Peoria, and if I am not mistaken, was the contractor for building the same—all the time looking for a stream and location where he could fulfill the dream of his heart and build a mill.

And he found Spoon River and the beautiful location where Rochester reposes in romantic beauty. He at once built a log cabin which stood directly in the rear of what is or was the Wilkins store, for just over the bank there, was a beautiful spring, clear, cold and sparkling. The first thing to do was to build a saw mill, dig a mill race and dam the river. He gathered around a crew of stout, gallant young fellows, those remaining now remembered, being John White and Robert Armstrong. I can remember names of several others, but the sound of their names would mean nothing nor convey any idea. This was in 1836.

They were a happy company; long years afterwards I have heard my mother speak kindly of those "boys" as she called them, and when in after life they used to meet me, they spoke so good of my father and mother that I still cherish their memory.

Supplies of most kinds were brought by wagon, but game was good and plenty, and some of the men were expert with the rifle. Deer, wild turkeys, prairie chickens and other game were no luxury; in the winter especially many deer were killed and brought home and thrown upon the cabin roof until it would be completely covered. The river furnished an abundance of fish, also.

The work went steadily on; material was handy, the level land in front of the mill site being covered with forest, mostly oak, as was also the whole of the land that afterward became the town site. The saw mill soon went up and a deep ditch was dug where the race was to be, with the correct idea that when the dam was built and the water turned in, it would soon wash out a sufficient mill race through the loose soil. The building of the dam took some time, but being completed, the chug-chug of the saw soon woke the echoes along the lonely Spoon.

The next problem was the building of a grist mill. There never having been much money, the remainder was getting painfully low and it takes money to build mills, but to Clark Stanton a little matter like that was of no consequence. The saw mill going night and day was making something, and he needed no master builder; also, he found a man of money who loaned him Fifteen Hundred Dollars, which was quite a sum for those days. I do not remember this man's name although I used to know it very well, because of my mother's worrying so much about the debt and about what might happen. I came to look upon the kindly old man who came around once a year to collect his interest, as a horrible ogre who was liable to gather us all up and take us to jail any minute; and to add to my terror, I once heard my father say, "Mr. _____ will soon be here and I must have his money ready, or Hell will be to pay," but my fears were groundless. The mill went up, the country filled with people who laid the foundation of the great Illinois of today.

About the year 1844 my father's younger brother Russel Stanton came to Rochester from the East. He was a different man in many ways: a very good and extremely pious man, but so visionary. He was violently opposed to slavery, and in conjunction with some fellow conspirators, organized a line for the purpose of assisting colored people to Canada. I know he had one fellow worker named Webster at a place called "Nigger Point" near West Jersey, and another named Boyd, up that way somewhere; together they concocted a scheme to ruin the South financially, and thus release the bondmen. It was no less than the manufacture of molasses and sugar on so large a scale as to run out the southern planters. There was nothing known of sorghum in those days. The sweetness was to be from the corn stalks crushed in the same manner as sorghum now is. So Uncle Russel built the mill all right and it was surely a good one. My father tried to argue him out of his freakish notions, but unsuccessfully. Anyway the corn field and the mill finally

got in conjunction, but I am not sure that any molasses was the result, for at that time of my life I absorbed a great deal of molasses and if there had been any abundant quantity, I surely would have noticed it. Anyway, the South survived that blow.

In 1846 my old grandfather also named Clark Stanton, accompanied by his fourth wife and a grandson, made a visit to Illinois, and the East part of the red house was arranged for their use. He was very talkative, as is common to the aged, and told me many tales of war and also of the revolution which he had heard from his mother and other older persons. They stayed only about a year, she pining for children back in York State. Grandfather said his ancestors first landed at Saybrook, in Connecticut.

The mill was kept going night and day when there was water to run it. Good wheat was raised there then and teams were busy hauling flour to Peoria and goods back for the merchants, but my father's health began to fail. The dam was a constant trouble, the banks were soft alluvial soil, and the material was mostly willow brush, quickly rotting and needing constant repair, floods sometimes washing the whole out and the exposure and work in the cold water warned him to quit.

He rented the mill, and in 1849, a feeble man, he started to California by way of New Orleans. Arriving at Chagres he crossed the Isthmus some way and at Panama took passage on the English sailing vessel, "The Twin Sisters," it being Hobson's choice. The ship was crowded, old and leaky and not fitted with stores and provisions nor sufficient water, and commanded by a drunken captain. The water soon gave out and the passengers rigged up a condenser to boil sea water and run the steam through a pipe enveloped in cold water. Each passenger was rationed a pint of water a day. After baffling winds and long delay they reached Acapulco in Mexico and procured water, but the food was nothing but sea biscuit, dry, hard and wormy. After a crowded, suffering voyage they made

the port of San Diego, and almost all of the passengers abandoned the ship and made their way the best they could to Sacramento, which was the outfitting point to the mines. Here my father found a freighter who wished to sell out and return home, whose oxen and wagon he bought and loaded with provisions and started for the mines. Here he sold his load to such advantage that he continued in the business for some time, and then tried mining with some success.

But old Spoon River was calling all the time and he took a sudden notion to go home, and no sooner said than done. Well do I remember the cold winter night when the door flew open and he was among us, looking hale and well. Oh, but there was a happy time in the old Red House that night.

His good health was only apparent, however, so he resolved that his only chance was to return to California. He wished to close his business and go back for good and all, but he sank rapidly and died still a comparatively young man at the age of 51 years. My mother was five years younger than he and survived for that time and died at the same age.

My father was of poor pioneers and had very little book education, but my mother was born and raised in the Genesee valley of forehanded parents and was well educated for that time. She said her father strongly objected to her marrying that "wandering blade of poverty," but I suppose that only hurried matters as is usual in such cases.

Of the five children, Irena, the oldest, was lately buried at Rochester, where she came with her parents when a little girl, the greater part of a century before, as also Malvina, two years younger, who is buried at Galva, Ill.; Franklin, buried at Shenandoah, Iowa. The still living are Chloe of Galesburg, Ill., and the writer, of Scandia, Kansas. This closes a labor of love and I am glad to cast even so poor a wreath upon the graves of my dear parents.

GEORGE W. SCOTT.
By Odillon B. Slane, 1910.

About four years before General Samuel Thomas platted and laid out the Village of Wyoming, and the same year that bullets for the Black Hawk War were moulded in the Slane cabin at Ft. Clark, Peoria, there was born in the State of New York a man whose future life and character as a pioneer was destined to become closely interwoven with the early history of Peoria and Stark Counties.

George Washington Scott was born July 21, 1832 at Fredonia, Chautauqua County, New York. His parents were of Scotch-English origin. His father, Ephraim Scott, Jr., was an engineer, and died in 1839 at Sydney, Ohio. His grandfather, Captain Ephraim Scott, a soldier of 1812, commanded a company at Buffalo when that post was burned. His mother, Lydia Sherman, was a daughter of Reuben Sherman, a soldier of the Revolution, and a cousin of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Scott has now in his possession two commissions: "Ensign in 1802" and "Captain in 1806," issued to his grandfather by Caleb Strong, governor of Massachusetts. He is a direct descendant from Isaac Allerton, who landed at Plymouth in 1620, which fact gives him a membership in the "Society of the Mayflower." George W. Scott is also a member of the "Sons of the American Revolution."

The subject of our sketch, with his mother, moved to Peoria County, Illinois, in 1853, purchased land at \$5.00 per acre and engaged in agriculture. He and his mother lived together on Section 3, Princeville Township, till her death in 1857. Both parents are buried in the Princeville Cemetery.

His marriage to Mary C. Cox took place December 23, 1858. She was a daughter of Enoch Cox, a native of Virginia, and one of the pioneer settlers of Stark County, Illinois.

In 1862 the subject of our sketch moved to Wyoming, Illinois, and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1870 he established the banking house of Scott & Wrigley, which firm is now classed among the leading banking houses in the state. That he has been a friend of the church and school, is evidenced by his services on the Board of Education for thirteen years. His life has been a busy and eventful one. He has witnessed great changes in the settlement of the great northwest, especially in Central Illinois.

Ever a friend to the cause of humanity—to the moral uplift of society, such characters as his have from pioneer times hewn the paths of progress through the eventful periods of our country's history.

THE STOWELL FAMILY OF LAWN RIDGE

By Calvin Stowell, 1910.

To the Officers and Members of the Old Settlers Union
of Princeville and Vicinity,

Greeting :

We have been repeatedly asked to furnish a sketch of our father's life in connection with his pioneer days in the early settlement of Illinois. We feel it to be a delicate matter to write of the life of one, or portion of the life of one, as close by the ties of nature, as father and son; but we realize that those of my father's generation, and a large proportion of those of the generation immediately following, have passed over the "Dark River," and so far as I can remember, there is no one now living that could testify in regard to the facts connected with our final move to Illinois in 1843, aside from the writer.

Of the incidents connected with his first trip to Illinois on his exploring expedition in 1836, we can only give them from memory as we have heard talked over again and again at the fireside in our childhood days.

and often repeated in our maturer years. So under existing conditions, we should feel ourselves unworthy of the father that begot us, and the mother that bore us, if we should refuse to give any facts in regard to those pioneer years of hardship and heroic endeavor and endurance that would add anything to the history of the early settlers of Illinois, whose lives are now numbered upon the records of the heroic deeds of the past.

In the spring of 1836, when my father, Ebenezer Stowell, was twenty-nine years of age, he with his first cousin, Roswell Nurse, and his son, Isaiah Nurse, a young man just at his majority, packed their grips with such things only as were absolutely necessary for health and comfort on the road, and, with one rifle as their only weapon, which they carried turn about, started from Bambridge, Chenango County, New York, for the much talked of "Land of Promise," the young state of Illinois.

Their plan was to make the trip on foot and to make any side explorations in going as might be deemed best. Just the route which they took, we are not able to give, further than this, that they explored quite thoroughly much of the country along the Wabash River in Indiana, and then struck across to Peoria, Illinois, which was then little more than a village. From there, they went up the River to Chillicothe, a town of a few houses along the river bank. Here they met Jacob Booth, whom they had known in York State, who had preceded them by a length of time unknown to us. We have also heard them speak of meeting J. H. McKean, now a resident of Wyoming, Illinois, well past his four-score and ten years. But they had little time for visiting; time was precious and they were there on business.

Leaving Chillicothe, they went to Northampton, where Reuben Hamlin had a tavern. Here they established headquarters while exploring the country. They finally located timber-land upon what has since been called Blue Ridge, and prairie along the south line

of Marshall County, where Lawn Ridge now stands. They then took up their line of march for the nearest land office, Quincy, Illinois, one hundred and sixty miles distant.

Having made their entries, and secured their patents, they returned to Hamlin's, which they made their stopping place while they built a small but comfortable log house on the exact spot where Isaiah Nurse subsequently built a good substantial home, now owned by H. H. Nurse, and occupied by his son. Game was plentiful in those days and in their walks back and forth to Hamlin's, they often picked up a turkey with their trusty rifle that added materially to their bill of fare.

It was now getting well along in the fall. The object of their summer's tramp accomplished, it was arranged that Isaiah Nurse should remain and keep house while Roswell Nurse and my father should return to the East for their families. So again the two men started on their tramp for Chicago, with a view of expediting their trip home, by taking a schooner to Buffalo, New York.

It was now getting late in the fall, and they were beset with high and adverse winds and bad storms, often compelled to lie under the lee of some island for days before they could proceed. Three weeks were consumed in the trip from Chicago to Buffalo, New York. Here again they took up their line of march for their homes in Chenango County, about the center of the state on the south line,—their long tramp finished, and the work they set out to do fully accomplished.

It was upon his return from Illinois that I first met my father, my arrival having anticipated his by a few weeks. While we have no very distinct recollection of the occasion, we think it fairly to be presumed that we met him with the grace and dignity becoming one of our age and experience. And here closes the first chapter of the record.

The spring following their return to New York State, Roswell Nurse moved with his family to their possessions in Illinois. My father being a mechanic with plenty of work in the East, and no assurance of any in his line in the West, deferred moving his family until 1843, when, with a good team of mares attached to a wagon with the box set upon springs, our family, then five in number, started on the long road to our future home, which we reached in three and one-half weeks. A young man by the name of John Champlin went through with us, driving a horse and buggy of Dr. Ashed Wilmot's, who moved to Illinois the same spring. Doctor's old Charley horse and sulky were known on the road for many years as the Doctor made his professional visits.

Our journey was made without incident or accident worthy of note, but the broad prairies, as hour after hour we drove over them without seeing a sign of human habitation, were in strong contrast with the same country two and three decades later. Our heavy goods father had drawn to Olean Point in the late winter before, when they were rafted down to the Ohio River in charge of Uncle Lyman Robinson, who came around by water the same spring, arriving at our destination some weeks ahead of us.

The next day after our arrival, the goods were stored, the family found shelter amongst the neighbors, and father was in quest of a saw mill which he found on the Senachwine Creek, about two miles above Northampton. Being a mill-wright, he soon had it in order, and was sawing lumber for a house, while Champlin with the team and wagon was drawing it to the place designated for a building. In just two weeks from the time of reaching our journey's end, we were under our own roof, and gathered as a family in our own habitation. Crude and unfinished though it was, it was home, and life in our new environment was begun, in what was then called the "Little Blue Ridge Settlement."

Of this little pioneer settlement much that would be of interest could be said, but that would take us beyond the scope of this paper. That those first years in Illinois were both primitive in matters of dress and very plain in matters of living, goes without saying, and had it not been for kind-hearted, industrious Grandma Will who preceded us to Illinois by a few years, and announced that she had planted garden for all of the newcomers, we might have truly said that our living was both plain in quality and scrimped in quantity; for what little cash came into the treasury in those early years, father depended upon his trade.

Being a Yankee, he considered a barn indispensable, and the second year put up a good framed barn, enclosed with hardwood lumber of his own sawing. The example seemed contagious, and numerous other jobs of the same kind were soon given him. In addition to this, he got several jobs in building over and repairing both flouring mills and saw mills, one near Princeton, one on Crow Creek where he took the ague which stayed by him for many months, and was altogether more than he bargained for. He also did work on the old Evans flouring mill, which many of the old settlers will remember, located upon the Kickapoo Creek in Peoria County.

Clothing was among the important items to be provided for, and a flock of sheep was among the first things to be looked after, the care and preservation of which in those early days of dogs and wolves was no small item. The wool from their backs was spun into yarn and woven into cloth by my mother's deft hands, and by her cut and made into garments for the whole family. From her loom also came many a bolt of cloth for the neighbors, with all of whom comfort counted for everything, and mere style for less than nothing. The loose woolen shirt, the jeans pants, vest and wampus was the style for the men and boys; and, for the women, the plain calico dress in summer, and the woolen dress for winter, were the order of the day.

The year 1840 is approximately that of the building

of the little brick school-house from which we and many others graduated. It was also the church from which the circuit rider held forth once in four weeks.

Feeling the need of more religious services in the community, Dr. A. Wilmot, Nathaniel Smith and father, with their wives, organized a Congregational Church—not as a rival, but as a helper—in maintaining religious services with all that can be implied in it. Owen Lovejoy of Princeton, who afterwards became famous in the nation's councils, was at the head of the Council of Organization. This church worked harmoniously with the Methodist people and for the general good of all, until in the process of settlement a few years later, service was moved to Lawn Ridge where the church still stands, and has the honor of being the parent from which the Congregational Churches of Stark, Edelstein and Speer have sprung.

It was not our design in writing this paper to give a biography of our father's life, only a few incidents in connection with his pioneer days, which with his optimistic views of life, were most thoroughly identified with those of his neighbors in upholding all that morally, socially and financially was for the best interest of all concerned; and we realize that we are drawing out this paper to great length, still do not see just where to stop.

There is one thing more due primarily to my father's fore-sight which has become an universal blessing. It was early noted in the old settlement that there was but one spring of absolutely living water in the settlement. Knowing that the land was for sale and that it was liable to be closed to the public, father approached the owner with the proposition to segregate the spring from the balance of the tract, and sell it for the benefit of the public. Having got consent of the owner to do so, Uncle Erastus and Lucas Root joined hands with him in putting up the cash. The land connecting the spring with the public highway was bought and deeded to the public forever, and it became a veritable "Jacob's Well." There have been times of drouth

when it seems that both man and beast would have perished without it.

Amongst the sad events of that early day was the death by lightning of my Uncle Nathan Stowell, who with my father and brother was making hay on the prairie, about three miles from home. The three were standing together not a yard from each other when a bolt of lightning struck Nathan dead. My brother Orson was also struck and blistered from head to foot, a spot on his arm burned to the bone, and a wound inflicted on his head from which blood flowed freely; while, strange to say, father did not lose consciousness for a moment, was not even knocked down. This Uncle with a younger brother who died from the effects of an accident the following winter were the first two burials in Blue Ridge Cemetery. My father died in the year 1880 in his 73rd year; my mother in 1889 in her 81st year.

We feel that we cannot close this sketch without a word in a general way for the old neighbors of pioneer days with whom we were closely associated for many years. Fraternity and reciprocity were characteristic of them as a whole; not that they always saw "eye to eye," for they were all human; but in no case did their petty differences withhold the helping hand in the day of affliction, and be it said to their credit that such a thing as a law suit was never known within our recollection of more than sixty-five years.

In looking back over the record of those in and around the old settlement as early as 1846, we can count the graves of at least twelve fathers and mothers who rest side by side in the little settlement cemetery.

Within a half mile of our old home, we wooed and wed the faithful wife who has walked by our side for forty-six years. Here our first child was born. Here, when the curtain falls, we expect to be our final resting place amongst the old neighbors, kindred and friends we knew so long and well.

Sincerely, CALVIN STOWELL.
402 E. Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.

THE MCGINNIS FAMILY.

By Geo. I. McGinnis, 1910.

George I. McGinnis, son of James and Temperance McGinnis, was born in Granger County, Tenn., Sept. 15, 1802. At the age of about nine years he moved with his parents to Ohio, settling near Cincinnati. After remaining there a few years, he moved to Park County, Indiana, where on January 1, 1829, he was united in marriage to Sarah J. Montgomery, daughter of John and Elizabeth Montgomery. She was born in Russell County, Virginia, Sept. 20, 1812. When about nine years of age she had moved with her parents to Kentucky. After remaining there a few years, they moved to the East side of Indiana, thence to Park County, Indiana.

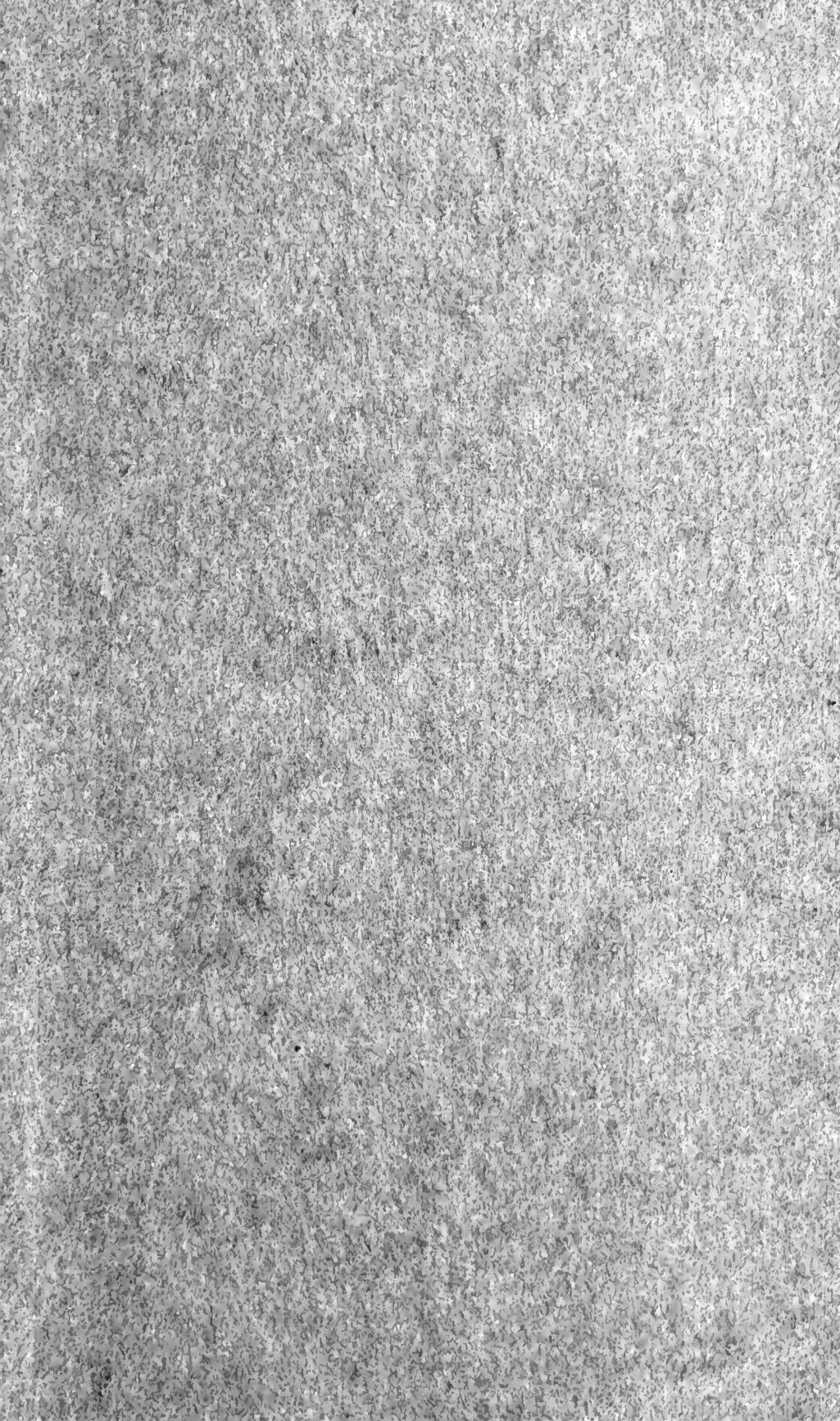
The newly married couple, first remaining in Park County about five years after their marriage, then moved to Peoria County, Illinois. They settled about a mile and a quarter northeast of where the Village of Princeville now stands, on the South half of the Southwest quarter of Section Seven, in what is now Akron Township.

Here they remained about three years, when they moved onto the North half of said quarter section, which they made their permanent home. They were the parents of twelve children, in order as follows: Susan, deceased; Sarah Ann, died in Indiana; John deceased; Nancy, deceased; James, Mary, Elizabeth; Temperance, deceased; Jane; William, deceased; George, and Charles, deceased. Temperance was the first person buried in the Princeville Cemetery. She died on the evening of Sept. 14, 1844. The next day, the 15th, the now venerable John Z. Slane dug the grave. He was a lad then seventeen years of age. The funeral was preached by the Rev. Breese in the grove Southeast of the old log schoolhouse, there being no church building in the village at that time. Her

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